San Francisco, 8 : March 1900

THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume XLIX Number 10

Moore, Geo
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400 Kearny

My Father's Field.

A MAIDEN stood where the fields were ripe,
And gathered the golden wheat;
Gaily she sung as she bound her sheaves,
And laid them about her feet.

One marked her there as she passed her by,
Alone with her hard-earned spoil,
And spoke of rest, for the sun was high,
And the reaper spent with toil.

But the maiden smiled, as her glad voice said,
"Nay, lady, I may not yield,
The work is great, but the work is sweet,
I toil in my Father's field."

* * * * *

Gleaners of Christ, in your lonely toil,
When weary, and fain to yield,
Take comfort here, though the work is great,
"Ye toil in your Father's Field."

And the Father's house lies over the hill,
Where the sun of life goes down;
There shall ye rest, and the Father's smile
Forever your work shall crown.

E. G. Stuart.

Published Weekly at the Y. M. C. A. Building, by the San Francisco, Publishing Company of the Pacific.

THE PACIFIC

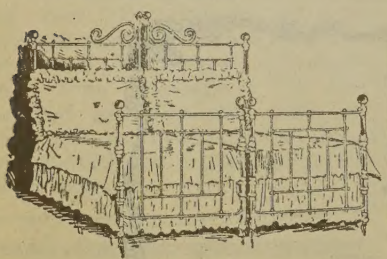
Established 1851.

Published every Thursday at the Congregational Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the

PUBLISHING CO. OF THE PACIFIC

TERMS:

Per Year, in Advance, - - - $2.00
To Foreign Countries in Postal Union 3.00



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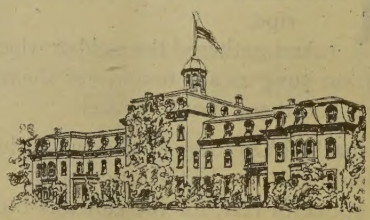

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, 8 March, 1900

Prayer.

"Pray though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading;
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But divine, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

Prayer is a necessity to every normal soul. We eat to appease our hunger, we sleep because we need rest, we breathe to oxygenate the blood—we pray because we need spiritual life, and all things that make life desirable. God is the source of life and all that sustains life, and we go to him by prayer to obtain what we need. There are four elements in prayer—adoration, thanksgiving, confession and petition—and these elements should be woven into a prayer in their order to fashion it aright. Some one has said that true prayer should be the utterance of a "reverent, grateful, penitent, sympathetic, submissive, believing, courageous and listening heart." He says prayer is not a monologue, but a dialogue; the aspiring soul speaks to God, and God gives to the listening suppliant an answer of peace as the still small voice. How many times God would speak to our hearts, if we would only listen to hear his voice! What obedient child would ask a loving father for some favor, and then withdraw from his presence before he had received an answer? What true Christian has not had spiritual impressions after fervent prayer that have been to him as the very voice of God? God loves a silent, expectant soul that has gone out to him in earnest prayer, and then listens attentively to hear the voice of God, as it gives sweet answers of peace in the soul.

Nothing exhausts the expectant soul more than waiting for results asked for in prayer. The prayer does not seem to be answered, and the aspiring soul is disappointed, and becomes "weary in well doing." The divine answer is delayed for various reasons. The things prayed for may not be the best for the suppliant, or he may not be ready for them now. Man's physical and sinful natures sometimes require opposite conditions and treatment. Man's horizon is very limited; God knows all the facts. When men pray for rain, other men, whose interests are different, may be praying just as earnestly that it may not rain. God knows all the facts and hears all the prayers, and brings the rain in his own good time. Even when Daniel, "a man greatly beloved," prayed, the divine messenger who answered his petition said that he was hindered, for "the prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood him twenty days," until Michael helped the messenger. But that prayer, in God's own time, was answered abundantly. Christ has said: "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." This promise is subject to the conditions of the divine kingdom, and the answer comes from a wise Father who gives what, all things considered, is best for us. Blessed is the man who prays fervently, and waits patiently for God in his own time to answer the prayer, for the answer will surely come, at some time, and in some way, that will do the supplicant the most good.

It is likely that the Topeka Capital will be the most widely read newspaper in the United States next week. And the daily papers all over the country are getting ready to shell it. Now, Mr. Sheldon may not succeed in publishing a paper that will prove satisfactory to seventy million people; but if he fails it will not lead the people to say that the average daily paper is, to-day, what it ought to be. Very often the daily paper isn't fit for home reading, and their publishers know it. Chris-

tian parents know that the daily paper isn't wholesome reading for the young, but they are compelled often to let it come into the house because there is nothing other to give the needed news. It will not always be so. Mr. Sheldon's experiment will be one of the moves that will help to solve the problem.

Lent.

A large part of the Christian world is now observing the Lenten season. This observance belongs especially to the Greek, the Roman, the Lutheran, the Anglican and the Episcopal churches.

Very early in the history of the Christian church it became the custom to commemorate certain important events. Sacred and festal days were both weekly and yearly. Every first day of the week the early Christians assembled for worship in commemoration of him whom they had taken as their Master and Savior—who by his resurrection from the grave on that day had so crowned his work with them and for them as to win them forever for his service. Very soon also was established the custom of observing each Wednesday and Friday as reminders of certain culminating events in their Lord's life. The Wednesday service was in commemoration of the arrest of Jesus in the garden; that on Friday was in commemoration of his sacrificial death on Calvary. These days were called sentry days. The Christian soldier was expected on those days to be especially watchful, and on guard as it were, so that thus strengthened he might all the days of the week be less liable to yield to the enticements of evil.

In the development of the Church year, the Easter festival became the great festival of the year—standing in the Christian church in the place of the Passover in the Jewish church. Good Friday, the Friday just before Easter, came finally to be regarded as of greater moment than the other Fridays, and was, accordingly, preceded by a period for repentance and fasting and prayer. In time this period was extended to forty days, with reference to, and in commemoration of, the time the Master had fasted in the wilderness. This extension goes back beyond the time of the sainted Chrysostom, whose words concerning the Lenten observance show its significance and give reason for such a period just before Holy Week. Writing concerning the communion, he says that many had been accustomed to come to it inconsiderately and indevoutly, especially so at that period of the year when Christ gave it to the disciples. "Therefore our forefathers," he says, "considering the mischief arising from such careless approaches, met and appointed forty days for fasting and prayer, for hearing of sermons and for holy assemblies; that all men in those days being carefully purified by prayer and alms-deeds, fasting and watching, tears and confession of sins, with other like exercises, might, according to their capacity, come with pure conscience to the holy table."

It is not the custom among the Congregational churches to observe Lent. But there has been during recent years an increasing tendency toward some such religious services during the last week of that period, as would deepen the spiritual life, prepare the minds and hearts of the people for the Easter worship, and send them on down the year with more of the mind and spirit of Christ. Doubtless there will be such services in many of our churches this year, and there will be resultant better living. But what will be the result of this full Lenten observance in the great churches in which it has long been established? All they who are truly in the Spirit during this period will be very likely to manifest the fruits of true righteousness all the other weeks of the year. But how many will be in the Spirit? By how many people is Lent observed as the church fathers desired it to be observed when they appointed it? With very many it is simply a resting-time from that which is worldly and worthless. They withdraw themselves from those things for a time, only to give themselves to them soon again with all their former abandonment. But many others will give it true observance. To many a devout soul they will be days of sweet and helpful communion with the divine Master. Some who have not followed him closely will, during these days, so learn the blessedness of nearness to him that they will feel lonely ever afterward if away from him. To all who by this observance would draw nearer to the Christ, that they may never again go so far away, we as Congregationalists may well unite ourselves in aspiration, and in the spir-

it, if not in the outward observance, so keep the fast as to bring ourselves and the whole wide world, with the divine co-operation, more fully into the light and peace of God's great love.

Liberal Theology.

Liberal theology has done its best paces in the cities about the bay during the past few weeks and has not won any prizes, so far as anybody knows. Indeed, not a few who went to hear the claims of those doctrines which some of their adherents have vaunted far above all that the fathers ever knew and taught have had a decided shift back toward the old truths. When the Rev. Dr. Adams of the First Congregational church of this city spoke in the Unitarian church in Oakland, as one of the speakers in that high-titled "Congress of Religions," he so stated modern Protestant orthodoxy as to leave but little opportunity for Liberalism to commend itself to any who listened afterward. Figuratively speaking, its guns were spiked. Here was a theology shorn of objectionable features, but which left some basis on which to rest and build other than that furnished by man's unaided reason. People like that; there is something satisfactory in it. It doesn't leave them groping in darkness. From what we have heard from not a few who attended those congress lectures, we are of opinion that orthodoxy could well afford a few more of the same kind. It would do yet others a vast amount of good to have all the strong points of Liberalism placed before them in unison with an up-to-date presentation of the claims of orthodox Christianity. To give present-day Liberalism a great backset everywhere two things are essential on the part of our theologians and preachers. It is necessary that the doctrines be presented with certain modifications of other century presentations, but in no such way as to lead to the conclusion that the beliefs of the fathers are being torn to tatters. If the church fathers didn't have some truth, considerable truth, why should people conclude that any one to-day has truth? We always use the yesterdays in building the to-days and the to-morrows. If God didn't speak to Augustine and Calvin and Luther, then he doesn't speak to any one to-day. That is about the conclusion to which many persons will come when they hear the positions of the old theologians continually bombarded. But it can not be expected that all the teachings of the fathers are to be accepted to-day; they were not infallible, and new light has come with the passing years. The difficulty comes in deciding what to hold to as good and what to cast aside as worthless. The men who can bridge this difficulty will be the most successful in winning men and women to Christ.

The Downfall of the British Empire Perdicted.

President Jordan saves somewhat his reputation for wisdom by giving the British Empire an hundred years to reach its downfall. The evidence of its decline and fall he finds in part in the South African war. President Jordan is not a prophet, and in many ways he has shown that he is no more far-sighted than many persons who do not agree with him on this and other points. Accordingly the people of Great Britain and the friends of Anglo-Saxon civilization will not be alarmed. When the twentieth century shall have ended and these two great Anglo-Saxon nations—Great Britain and the United States—shall have been found in the forefront of the world's progress and influence, Stanford University will have another president, and this unfounded prediction will not damage her any.

When a man says, as President Jordan did, in Chicago a few days ago, that the present inhabitants of Great Britain are a mere shadow of their forefathers in point of brains and health, he should not expect his statements to carry conviction. By parity of reasoning he must reach a similar conclusion concerning the people of the United States, and find this nation sinking alongside the British. But where will the good Doctor look to find peoples more fit to-day for the crown of supremacy, and of more promise for the future, than the Anglo-Saxons? Throw out the searchlight.

If Dr. Jordan's contention that a great war weakens a nation physically and mentally were true we should not have had in this country the remarkable development which we did have after our civil war. There is nothing else comparable with it anywhere in American history. We may not know just why it is, but history shows that often through wars have come great blessings to the world, that

they have pushed the world upward in the march of civilization—not always, of course, but frequently. We believe that the future will show great benefits to the world through our war with Spain, which planted our flag in the Philippines and opened up to our nation a career of influence in the Orient. We believe that out of the South African struggle will emerge that which will be of great blessing to that vast continent and ultimately to our world-wide civilization.

To hold this view is not to sanction war in general. But as we read history we find that oftentimes men and nations, in their selfishness and wickedness, have so far conditioned matters that war became the only thing that could afford relief. Under such circumstances the voice of God has seemed to be saying plainly, "Go forward."

Church Extension.

The recent meeting of the Church Extension Society of San Francisco and vicinity was a valuable one to the Congregational interests about the bay. Dr. Adams gave a *resume* of the work for 1899, and the report of the treasurer showed receipts during the year to the amount of $3,364.76. Dr. Adams in his remarks showed that it was only by such co-operation as came through the Society that churches could be planted wisely and maintained. The blessing that comes through giving was emphasized, and a larger number of churches were urged to seek it.

Professor Nash gave a forecast for 1900. He spoke of the need and the opportunity. The cultivation of a more general and a better fellowship was urged. Independency was shown to be only for our local affairs; fellowship was for self and others. Federation was said to be in the air everywhere, and it was necessary that the individual interests be subordinated more to the common interests. In way of practical suggestions Professor Nash said that there should be more pulpit exchanges, more visitation among the people of the different churches; that more of our church interests should be submitted to councils for advice; that this should always be in the case of the planting or the removal of a church. Here about the bay it was made evident that there should be adjustments, to suit changes in population occurring during recent years. And these he said could be satisfactory only on the general wisdom of the churches in council. The importance of the very best leadership was emphasized, in order that the interests of the Congregational fellowship might be met.

The Rev. Charles R. Brown spoke of the interest the larger churches had in the smaller. The interest of his own church was manifest in one way, he said, by the $24,000 which it had contributed for the upbuilding of other Congregational churches in Oakland. Mr. Brown made it plain that he desired the success of the smaller churches; that his advice to people was, whenever it was solicited, to go where they were most needed.

Some time was taken to allow the weaker churches represented to state their needs, and all had the most sympathetic attention. All in all, the meeting served to bring the churches into closer touch and to implant a spirit which will doubtless minister to the advancement of all Congregational interests hereabouts, during the year 1900.

The memorial bust of Phillips Brooks, placed recently in Trinity church, Boston, stands just behind the pulpit. It is an appropriate place, for its pose is that of the great preacher as his hearers knew him. He is represented with his hand on his heart, head erect and with eyes full of inward fire and divine purpose. The Churchman says that this bust will speak to generations to come of the nature of a man who was spiritually dominant in his own day and State, as he would have been in any other.

The Rev. Dr. MacArthur has written a book recently on "The Old Book and the Old Faith." According to this scholarly minister the foundations stand unshaken. This is as it was said it would be. Jesus of Nazareth said that he had founded his church on a rock, and that the gates of hades should not prevail against it.

Speaking concerning the one of whom he came as the herald John the Baptist said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." But John's decrease resulted in his increase. It was said of him a little later by the one whom he proclaimed, that a greater soul had never been born upon earth.

Chronicle and Comment.

The Victorian Independent of Melbourne, Australia, prints in its last issue an article in The Pacific some months ago, concerning church choirs, written by the Rev. Dr. Temple of Plymouth church, Seattle. Thus do good things written and spoken travel around the world.

The turn which the South African war has taken in favor of the British was one which every well-informed person knew must come sooner or later. The best thing the Boers can now do, in their own interests and in the interests of South African civilization, is to seek peace and pursue it.

Although persons in different parts of the country are being mentioned and urged for the Vice-Presidency on the next national Republican ticket, it is not unlikely that Governor Roosevelt of New York will be so urgently demanded for the place, when the convention assembles, that he will be induced to accept. Many of his admirers think that the occupancy of the Vice-Presidency would not injure his chances for the Presidency.

The Rev. W. A. Tenney of Oakland states, in the monthly paper published in the interests of the Congregational church at Astoria, Oregon, that the first regular Congregational preaching service in Astoria was in 1857. The population was at that time about two hundred. It is said that there was not a block of graded road in the settlement, and the only walks were planks a foot wide laid end to end. The Frazer river mining excitement reduced the population to a hundred the next year, and the idea of organizing a church was abandoned. Accordingly, Mr. Tenney went to The Dalles, and the Congregational church in Astoria dates from 1866. Pioneer life and pioneer Christian work evidently had their fascinations for Mr. Tenney, for he says that if the wheels of time could be turned back for him he would not ask any better field than the one in Astoria as it was in 1857.

Some years ago a young Japanese came to this country and was educated at Hopkins Academy, the Congregational institution later incorporated with Belmont School. He went from the Academy to Vermont University, where he was aided by the Hon. Frederick Billings to complete by a university course the education begun here. This was Sho Nemoto. Since his return to Japan he has progressed rapidly in leadership, becoming finally a member of the Japanese parliament. A few months ago Mr. Nemoto introduced a bill prohibiting the use of tobacco by persons under twenty years of age, and the sale of the same to persons under that age. The letter from Dr. Davis which we published last week stated that this measure had become a law. It had passed the lower house in December, and everything seemed favorable at that time for its triumph. Writing on the 20th of December to a friend, Mr. Nemoto said concerning it that its passage in the lower house had been brought about by the influence of Christian friends from the United States, and that their earnest Christian efforts along various lines had greatly inspired him. It was chiefly due to Mr. Nemoto that the measure passed, and the friends of missions are gratified that mission work in Japan can show such a product as the Hon. Sho Nemoto and others who supported him in this noble endeavor.

Plymouth church, Brooklyn, New York, and the Church of the Pilgrims, united in Lenten services this year in the edifice of the latter. A new York dispatch to the Chicago Inter-Ocean states that this meeting had much significance from the fact that it marked the restoration of harmony and good fellowship between the two churches. The New York Times chronicles the complete reconciliation and says in connection: "The Church of the Pilgrims is the mother of Plymouth, and for a score of years the parent church and Plymouth lived together in harmony. But there came a time thirty years ago when the relations of the two churches underwent a change, and the ties of sympathy which bound them together were severed. Dr. Storrs could not agree with some of Beecher's teachings, nor with certain of his ideas as to church work. This divergence of opinion effected a breach in the friendship of the two churches which was never healed during the lifetime of Mr. Beecher nor the present pastorate of Dr. Storrs." But Dr. Storrs, it is said, did a great deal toward bringing about the present reign of good feeling. Dr. Storrs was not able to be present at the first meeting that was held, but through Pilgrim's assistant pastor, he as pastor emeritus extended hearty welcome to Plymouth church, its pastor and its people. Concerning Dr. Hillis he said that he had learned to honor and love him since he had been in Brooklyn. The Inter-Ocean dispatch dates the estrangement of the churches at the time of the Beecher scandal. This perhaps was the culmination, and the breach begun before was so widened then that many years passed without much if any fellowship between the churches. It is significant that not only are these churches united in this Lenten service, but the First and Second Presbyterian and a neighboring Reformed church. Very appropriate was the singing of the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds." Such union of effort as this indicates that there was some foundation for the statement made a few months ago that Plymouth church was to have, under Dr. Hillis, a preaching more in line than formerly with our conservative churches.

Among the Churches.

The English language is said to be coming more into use in the Nonconformist churches in Wales.

Swedish missionaries at Nome took up a gold mine last summer and realized $75,000 from it in ninety days. It has paid the debts of the society they represent and promises great things for the future.

Careful statistics show that the Indian population in this country at the time of its first settlement was about 283,000. Last year, according to the government reports, it was 249,273, exclusive of Alaska. Always the Christian churches have been working for their evangelization.

The Lutheran is said to be the most orthodox and conservative church in America. The General Council, which met recently in Chicago, includes 2,029 churches. It was shown at this meeting that the Lutheran church in the United States rigidly excludes unbelieving rationalism; that its theologians have gone through the fire of Biblican criticism unscathed; that there is not a seminary professor who would express a doubt as to the inspiration and credibility of the Bible, nor a pastor; and that it has never had a heresy trial.

The remains of the great preacher George Whitefield lie in the crypt of the old Presbyterian meeting-house at Newburyport, Massachusetts. But his influence goes marching on. A writer in the New York Evangelist notes as follows some of his achievements in America: "It is claimed that Whitefield founded the Presbyterian church of Virginia; helped to triple the ministers of the New York Synod within seven years; brought into existence one hundred and fifty Congregational churches in twenty years; aided the building up of Princeton and Dartmouth Colleges; and in his last sermon gained a convert who founded the Free-Will Baptist church. As another example of his influence, the fact is cited that he gave shape and direction to the career of the Rev. Alexander Craighead, who, in turn, aroused those Presbyterian patriots that framed the Mecklenburg Declaration, which was, a year later, echoed by the Philadelphia Declaration of Independence. By his will the bulk of his estate went to benevolent causes, his wife and only child being dead. His work cleared the way for those vast missionary enterprises that sprang up in the wake of the great revival in New England."

Presumably, Roman Catholics conform to many of the rules and customs of their church because they are the rules and customs, without much, if any, understanding as to why they are. One asks, in the San Francisco Monitor, "Why do we visit the churches on Ash Wednesday, to be blessed with ashes?" The answer may be of interest to Protestants as well as Catholics, and is as follows: "When the priest puts ashes on our foreheads he says, 'Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverum reverteris' (Remember man, thou art dust, and shalt return to dust). The use of the ashes is a symbol of humiliation and penance. The administration of the ashes was not originally made to all the faithful, but only to public penitents. These had to appear on the first day of Lent, in penitential garb and with bare feet. Their penances were there imposed upon them; then they were brought into the church before the Bishop, who put ashes on their heads, saying, besides the words 'Memento,' etc., 'Repent, that thou mayst have eternal life.' Out of humility and affection, friends of the penitent, though not in the same condition, used to join themselves to them, expressing in their outward guise a similar contrition and offering their foreheads also to be sprinkled with ashes. The number of these persons gradually increased until at length the administration of ashes extended to the whole congregation and the rite took its present form."

The Rev. R. M. Patterson, a Philadelphia Presbyterian minister, is inclined to believe that his denomination would be stronger and do more effective work if it had five hundred or a thousand less churches. There are in the United States 7,673 Presbyterian churches, and 4,341 of this number are not self-supporting. That there should be many churches in some part of the country not yet self-supporting is not surprising to him. Their right to exist is recognized. But this right is not clear when the old compact strongholds of the denomination are considered. These strongholds are said to contain 2,556 of the whole number of churches, and only 1,699 are self-supporting. They are in the Synods of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Baltimore. The following paragraph in his article in the New York Observer is worth the attention of every person desirous of the best things for the cause of Christ: "The dominant policy of multiplying new and weak churches, and thereby often weakening well-established ones, is harmful. Even in the cities there are too many churches. The consolidation of old, instead of the multiplication of new, would do more for Christ and souls. And outside of the cities and towns, where people used to be willing to ride or walk miles to a church, they now want one close to them. Especially do suburbanities, at every little railroad station, think they must have one there, almost at their door. Presbyteries yield to this feeling, and burden their rolls with organizations which cannot be properly sustained."

A Nation's Crime.

By Frank S. Forbes.

There is an honest difference of opinion among good men on the question of Expansion. Time alone will confirm the wisdom or the unwisdom of our national policy in this matter. But our Nation is doing one thing on which there can be no difference of opinion among decent men. The introduction of the American saloon into Manila—and that against the will of the native people—is a crime as deep, as dark, as diabolical, as was ever committed against a defenceless people. And this done by a Nation calling itself Christian! We condemn England for enforcing the opium trade upon China—a curse which impedes the progress of Christ in that empire more than the combined powers of paganism. We search the dictionary for curse words strong enough to apply to the Sultan of Turkey because of his oppression of defenceless people. But what are we doing? I say *we*, because in a republic every citizen is responsible for the acts of the Government unless he lifts his voice and casts his vote in protest. Silence is consent in this matter. There is a tremendous silence on this enormous sin. We have enforced upon a semi-civilized people the most accursed evil that ever struck this earth. I say *enforced*, because that is exactly the word to use. The natives did not wish the saloon. It had never existed there to any extent. Whatever other vices the Filipinos may have had before the war, they were not a drinking people. Capt. F. M. Wells, who was recently returned from the Philippines, says that when the American flag was first raised over Manila there were but three American saloons there. Now there are over four hundred.

In describing the effects of these saloons upon the lives of our soldiers, he said, in a lecture at Nashville: "The liquor traffic in the Philippines is doing more damage to American soldiers than the bullets of the natives. Many of the officers and the men who have been captured have been taken prisoners while drinking. Yes, I repeat it, one-third of them at least—too deep in whisky stupor to get out of the way of their foes. The whiskey situation there is something frightful. Ninety per cent of the sickness of the First Tennessee soldiers was caused by drinking whisky and mingling with bad women."

Is it not hard enough to send our young men as soldiers into a country whose very atmosphere is poison with disease and death, into warfare with a people whose rank and file are yet half savages, without surrounding them in camp, in city, and even on shipboard (for every transport ship is described as a floating saloon) with that which causes more misery than "war, famine and pesti- combined"?

Even the great pagan nations in the dark ages of history were wise enough to protect their soldiers from physical vices. To say nothing of the moral feature, it would seem that our war department should be wise enough and humane enough to protect the physical lives of the men fighting for their country's honor. Think of the influence of the saloon on the lives of the natives of those islands. Mr. Foreman, in the English journal Success, writes of the last Christmas in Manila as follows: "The drunken brawls of the American soldiers in the cafes, drinking shops and in the open streets, constituted a novelty in the colony. It was most unfortunate, because of the extremely bad impression it made on the natives and Spaniards, who are remarkably abstemious. It must also have been the cause of a larger percentage of the sickness of the American troops wrongly attributed to the climate."

Is this our contribution to these people? Is this the fruit of nearly three hundred years of Christian civilization on the American continent? What an impression to make upon a heathen people of the Christian (?) way of celebrating the birth of the Savior of humanity! As high authority as President Jacob C. Schuman of the Philippine Commission declared that the opening of the saloons on the islands has "hurt the American cause more than anything else, and the spectacle of American soldiers drunk awakens disgust in the Filipinos." Who is responsible for this? First of all, the Administration. It is no use to deny this, nor to excuse it. The city of Manila is under the military rule of the United States. Without permission from the War Department, not a single saloon could have been opened in Manila. And even at this day, a word from the President of this nation could close every canteen in the army and every saloon in Manila in less than thirty days. American rule has already suppressed cock-fighting in Manila, because the tendency was "demoralizing." Is the cock-pit any more "demoralizing" than the saloon? Between the two evils I think any sane man would choose cock-fighting. But this vice had to go. Why? ecause it was not backed up by a syndicate of American capital. The saloon is; therefore, the cock-pit had to go, and the saloon came in its place. A few months ago, at a meeting of American brewers, one of the speakers said, "The growing trade (beer) with the Orient causes the Eastern brewers to look upon the Pacific Coast with envious eyes." The liquor power has said "The saloon must go to the islands of the Orient," and the Administration says, "Amen!"

Next in responsibility are the citizens of this Republic. In a democracy the final responsibility rests upon the individuals composing it. As a nation we have assumed the responsibility of giving to the Filipinos a government. We have given them the very worst representation of our government—the bar-room. When we see the awful degradation it brings to a civilized people, we shudder to think what it may bring to a people who are "half-devil and half-child." As we look about us and behold what it does in a green tree, well may we ask what will it not do in a dry tree? Thomas Jefferson once said, in speaking of the future probable effects of slavery, that when he remembered there is a just God he trembled for his country. Have we as Christians reached the trembling point? Sure as there is a God we are making a chapter in history which some day will be read in shame. Is there any remedy for this? Where is the "League for Social Service" which a few months since stirred the conscience of this nation from center to circumference because one lone man with three wives knocked at the door of Congress? Did it disband when Roberts returned to Utah? To have seated a polygamist in Congress would have been bad enough, we confess; but it would have been a white sin compared to the crime at Manila. Yet we have heard no mighty protest from press or pulpit. Have we not strained out the "gnat" and swallowed the "camel"? Where is the Anti-Saloon League? Is not this a field vast enough for its energies? Where is the religious press? Has it sent forth many flaming editorials to arouse the Christian conscience to its duty in wiping out this stain? Why is the pulpit so silent upon this question? Shall we who claim to represent Christ on earth stand by in silence and see a few selfish brewers and still more selfish politicians debauch a people whom God has placed at our doors? Plans are already being pushed for the entrance of the saloon into the Hawaiian Islands, where it has hitherto been excluded. Is this to be the crowning result of our missionary effort? Is this our practical interpretation of the moving finger of God? If the march of the American flag means liberty to humanity in the highest sense, then let us lay down our lives for it, if need be. But if it means chiefly a new market for American beer then let us halt until we can march under a sober banner. "Stand by the flag," said a liquor dealer, not long ago, "because wherever it goes it means trade." Is it not about time for the Christian patriot to say, "I stand by the flag because wherever it goes it means the kingdom of Christ"? If it does not mean that it is our duty as Christians to make it mean that. If the Christian conscience of America is not aroused at this damnable sin being perpetrated for the sake of greed upon a helpless people, then it will require more than an X-ray to find that conscience.

Is it not time for a united effort on the part of every organization, every church, every religious paper, every pulpit, and every person in America who believes in God, loves humanity, and hates the saloon, to make a protest as loud and as clear as the one that recently rang out against polygamy, whose echo is still heard in the mountains of Utah? A protest that will reach the ears of every Congressman, every member of the cabinet, every member of the war department, the President himself, who communes in a church which declares it is a sin to license saloons. Until we do all in our power to stay this crime against the Filipino, this insult to our civilization, this sin before God, our hands are stained with guilt. If the Congress of Congregational churches soon to meet in San Francisco will make this one of its results, it may be an instrument in the hands of God for the emancipation of the Filipino from the saloon curse, and perhaps in keeping the liquor traffic from the Hawaiian Islands, where it is now laying plans to enter. If we can not wipe this stain from our nation's record, we can at least wash our own hands as Christians, through a united protest. This we have not yet done.

Santa Barbara.

Digging in Oakland.

By Mary E. Bamford.

Digging is not popular work with most people. Nevertheless, when one digs to become acquainted with the tenants of one's yard, there is at least curiosity to lead one's shovel or trowel on. I have dug a good deal in this Oakland yard, and there are more things here than earthworms. For instance, did you ever find, a couple of inches underground, the eggs of the slug? Little, white, semi-transparent things they are, like so many pills, and their coating is rather glutinous, so that if you touch one egg, you may lift others adhering to it. Once I dug up some eggs so far advanced that I could see a little slug moving inside one egg.

But, farther underground, you will find somebody else. Scattered around the yard here and there are round holes of different sizes, varying from that of a pencil to a hole half an inch wide. Do you know who lives down such a round hole, perhaps eight or twelve inches underground? Come dig with me, and I will introduce you to Mrs. Atypoides. She is probably away down at the bottom of the hole, as this is day time. Mrs. Atypoides is a frightful-looking big spider, with dark purple thorax and light, lilac-colored abdomen; but she knows how to live in a hole like a giantess in a sort of reversed

tower. Atypoides Rivedsii is her more full name, for she is a namesake of the scientist who had charge of the museum of the California State University, Prof. Rivers.

I mention our finding *Mrs.* Atypoides advisedly, for the lady is the one of the family most likely to be found at home, after we dig down. Mr. Atypoides makes himself more scarce, or rather the matter is taken out of his own hands, for a scientist to whom I once carried a glass jar containing two Mrs. Atypoides informed me that he thought Mrs. Atypoides has the habit of killing her husband. Such is the bit of gossip that comes from Atypoides circles, and indeed I can well believe it, for if you take three of these spiders and put them into the same jar there will probably be a row. I had three in a glass jar once, and having gone away and come back after a while I found the smallest Atypoides dead, and a bigger one minus a torn-off member. I separated the two Atypoides spiders that were left. But next day, when I put the two ladies into the same jar again, they clinched angrily. I separated them again, but one of them died afterwards. The survivor would not have anything to do with the dead one. I suppose Mrs. Atypoides knows when her hated neighbor is dead. It is my opinion that Mrs. Atypoides is a lady of belligerent disposition, and her spouse has my deep sympathy. He must indeed con well the lesson that "none but the brave deserve the fair." I do not know his own temper, but evidently he must get the worst of it in quarrels eventually, or there would be more of him around. I presume that many a domestic tragedy, unrecorded by the daily papers, goes on underground in the round holes in this yard.

It is well that the Mrs. Atypoides live each in a separate hole, though one sometimes sees four or five of the round holes near together, looking like a little community. The Atypoides spiders come up toward the top of their holes at night, probably to get food. It is this tendency to stay underground during the daytime that causes the Atypoides family to be so little known to the persons whose yards are pierced by the round holes. For one, I am glad these big purple-and-lilac spiders stay underground as much as they do. But they go abroad at times. Else why, the other day, as I went from our dining room into the parlor, did I see something on the carpet just inside the parlor door, and stooping almost came near picking the thing up with my fingers, but perceiving it looked somewhat like an Atypoides spider, refrained, only to find that it was indeed a great spider that had somehow found the way into the house. Whenever I take a little walk in the back yard after dusk I feel inclined to keep my dress lifted from the ground, and to shake my skirts before re-entering the house. For I believe Mrs. Atypoides may be gathered on some passing skirt and carried indoors. One evening I was sitting beside the lamp when my mother exclaimed, "Why, see there!"

I looked. Upon her left shoulder, in contrast with her dress, sat a horrific great spider, Mrs. Atypoides, probably.

"Keep still! Don't touch it!" or some such warning, I cried.

What should I get that spider with? Finally, Mrs. Atypoides was killed, but it is shocking to see such a creature on a person. And how Mrs. Atypoides came in the house we did not know.

Whenever I go digging in the daytime for Mrs. Atypoides I usually run a stem of ivy down her round hole, not particularly to inform her I am coming—for I know she does not want to see me—but if I did not run something down beforehand I am very apt to lose the way as I dig, and if I once lose the way to the exact bottom of the hole I am not likely to find her. One may reach what one thinks is the bottom of the hole and not find her, but if one has kept the way, perhaps a few more strokes of the trowel in the earth will toss her out.

Sometimes Mrs. Atypoides hangs her bag of eggs in the round hole leading down into the earth. At least, I found one egg-bag in such a situation. She must have to pass by the hanging bag every time she climbs the hole, if she usually leaves the bag there. Another time my ivy stem brought up with it an egg-bag from the hole, so that I do not know whether that time the bag had been hanging in the tube or came from the bottom. None of the eggs I ever found would hatch, however.

One does not always find a round hole tenanted by a spider, but by looking sometimes mornings one may be able to tell which hole contains a living inhabitant. For, sometimes, there will be a little fine fresh earth around the top of the hole. Night is evidently with Mrs. Atypoides not only a time for getting prey but a time for digging, if her hole has not just suited her. Sometimes, when the surrounding ground has been quite dry, the contrast between the color of the fine earth that has been brought up during the night is very noticeable, and betrays the home of the live Mrs. Atypoides at once. You can hardly have your digging for nothing, if you explore such a hole carefully. She is probably there.

Emerton, in his "Spiders," speaking of the genus *Atypus*, says: "*Atypus*, the most northern genus of this family, makes a strong silken tube, part of which forms the lining of a hole in the ground, and part lies above the surface, among stones and plants." But, as far as I have been able to see in this Oakland yard,

Mrs. Atypoides does not waste any of her silk letting it stray over the ground outside the hole. Sometimes her hole has a thin lining, but her abode merely looks from the top like a round, dark hole.

I have never observed in these Atypoides spiders any great changes in color, such as mark other kinds of spiders at different seasons of the year. Spiders are apt to change color considerably, perhaps especially in the frosty autumn. But these underground Atypoides, as far as I have observed, do not make any striking change of color, being usually dark purple and whitish lilac, or blackish, though possibly they may change more than I have witnessed. Perhaps living in darkness as they do affects the coloring.

Besides Mrs. Atypoides, there are various other yard tenants that one becomes acquaited with by digging. In March, I have found the larvae of beetles of the *Carabidae* under earth in the back yard. Six-legged are these long larvae, with prop-legs behind, and probably catch little creatures and devour them. One hardly needs to dig always to find the lively black *Omara* "sun beetles," though, perhaps, they may be found sometimes under a clump of earth. *Omara insignis* is this daytime variety of *Carabidae.*

A Disjointed Confession.

III. "MY HONORED MOTHER."

In the library of the Webster homestead in Marshfield is the silhouette of a woman, and under it, in the handwriting of the great statesman, are the words which stand at the head of this chapter. I never wrote that beneath the picture of my mother, but since I have known of this writing of Mr. Webster's I have wished that I had. She was worthy of it at my hands. I always respected her, even when I disobeyed her. God and my mother were working together to bring me to righteousness, and the voice of God told me that my mother was right, just as she taught me God was right.

She was just five feet tall in her stocking feet, but she was as energetic as a steam engine under way. At the age of twelve her Maine home sank behind the hills and fogs that guard the Penobscot, and before her rose a life of toil, for now she must support herself. She served in the kitchen and the shop, had little education, and yet was educated, suffered much and triumphed through weakness. She was never idle; the click of her knitting needles in the dusk is still in my ear, and the memory of the lonesome nights when she was away from home at the bedside of some sick one is quite fresh in my mind. I owe my mother a great debt. For a week of years she scrimped and contrived so that her children might have the education which she had been denied, and on the Sabbatical year she bought a new dress to wear to church—the first new dress of that week of years. On a certain Sunday afternoon, being in the Spirit on that Lord's day, she gathered her children about her and urged them, with tears, to give themselves to her Savior. It was not her custom to show such emotion, and I have felt that it would be good to know what the sermon of the morning was that she should be so greatly moved. A strong woman, often led in ways that she regretted afterwards, but striving with never-failing courage to carry the burden which was her lot. Her face was always care-worn—I have no other memory of it. Sorrow had very early hung a curtain over her soul and worry had fretted the windows of her spirit. She was a Martha—troubled about many things. Then came a lingering sickness, during which she said she could not pray, but she could trust; and father leaned over her one evening and heard the whisper, "I want to go home." One of her closest friends said of her, "She would swear to her own hurt and change not." And I? Well, on the day that they took her from the house to lay her away, I kneeled by the side of the casket and prayed God to make me worthy of such a mother. And since that day there is enshrined within my heart a treasure that never waxes dim, and often by my side is a spirit that spurs me to higher and greater things. I think she lives again in me.

If any reader has cared to follow these personalities thus far I should like to confess to such an one that it is quite impossible for me to pay a fitting tribute to a mother's love and devotion. These are but scattering glimpses of a mother's life. Of course, no one else ever had such a mother; neither can there be another like unto her, and yet I know a man who always observes the anniversary of his mother's death with such strictness that he is willing to deny himself the pleasures of a dinner party on that day. Buckel said that "no mere argument for immortality had ever had much weight with him, but when he remembered his mother he could not disbelieve in it." Mr. Ruskin said that his language was the language of Scripture, which he had learned in the hour's study of the Bible every morning with his mother, and once having learned this, in its simplicity and strength he could not allow himself to use any other. The mother of Carlyle took her son one day and said, "Thomas, the world is a lie, but God is true," and Carlyle went out to his life work an enemy to shams, the most commanding figure in English literature of the passing century.

In these last days Charles Kingsley has written the sentence, "As the mountain breeze to the hunter, the sunlight to the skylark," so

is the "mother's smile to the infant," and I would like to add, and the mother's memory to the man. In ancient times the Hebrew prophet, who gave no prominence to woman and her work or worth, sought to bring God's goodness to the mind of the people by saying, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will God comfort you." A little fellow was brought to the hospital one day suffering untold agonies, because of a beating he had received from the hands of a brutal, drunken mother. As they tenderly dressed the wounds the doctors and nurses anathematized the woman who could treat her own boy in such fashion, but when the boy was able to speak, he said, "Don't you say anything about my mother; she's all right when the drink is out of her."

Yes, there seems to be something imperishable about the relation of motherhood. Strong men will weep like children at the thought of a mother long dead, at the mention of a mother's Savior, though they have wandered far from him and have been hidden in some camp on the frontier for years. I wonder sometimes if mothers realize their power for good, and what an awful thing it is for the ideal of the mother to be degraded. Do mothers sacrifice for the higher good of their children? Do they pray for them and earnestly plead with them to give their hearts to the Savior? A child can never be simply a treasure to a woman; Maurice pointed that out long ago. She is wrapped up in the child, gives of her life for his good, loves the roughness and brutality out of him, and reveals to him the heart of God—a true mother does this—

"Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost."

The Problem of Deserted Children.

By Rev. Justin E. Abbott.

The responsibility that will soon fall very heavily on missionaries in India is the problem of deserted children. The government of Bombay has directed that a careful record should be kept of all deserted children under twelve years of age, so that they may be committed to the care of some institution or trustworthy private persons, by whom they will be honestly brought up. The real meaning of this is clear. In the first place the Hindoos have no institution for taking care of such children, and such philanthropy is not in their line. In the second place, both from poverty and indifference, private families will not take such children. There are always ready human monsters to take the girls to be brought up to an immoral life, but the government will not, knowingly at any rate, give them to such. The real meaning therefore is simply this, that these deserted children can be saved from their physical sufferings and be brought up in the Christian life, if there is only the money to care for them. There will be thousands of such children, who in Christian schools might have the best Christian education, and help greatly to the strength of the church in India. To-day they are living skeletons, but cared for and nourished into life they will be as happy boys and girls as are to be found in any land, and splendid material for a worthy manhood and womanhood. This is a grand opportunity for the wealthy men and women of this country to take the permanent support of a certain number of children, for say five or ten years, until they have reached manhood and womanhood, and are equipped for a useful life. The cost is really trifling; one dollar a month in some schools, two dollars in others. It will be a noble use of money to save such children, and a grander privilege it would be hard to find. It is too early in the history of the famine to form anything but a general estimate of the number of children likely to be orphaned and deserted. In the famine three years ago missionaries assumed the care of 10,000 children, and many more might have been saved had they possessed the means. As a rough estimate I think it may be safely said that in the sphere of the Marathi Mission of the American Board alone, 1,000 children will be rendered dependent, and could be taken and educated for the good of India and the Indian church. Those who are seeking for an investment that will yield a heavy interest in the good of humanity will find in this object what they want.

The publisher of the Religious Telescope, who is acquainted with Mr. Henry C. Frick, who is engaged in litigation with Mr. Carnegie, writes in his paper concerning Mr. Frick as follows: "He is a comparatively young man, with many years before him. There is no doubt the world will be bettered by his business energy and unselfish philanthropy. Mr. Frick is not an agnostic, nor an evolutionist. He is a believer in the religion of his father and mother. He has not followed the speculations of either Spencer or Darwin. Though possessed of fifteen to twenty millions of dollars (which is not an inflated estimate), he nevertheless can be counted upon as in sympathy with the Christian Church and her sacred institutions. It can be confidently expected that Mr. Frick will, in a very short time, stand at the head of a great industrial enterprise that will greatly benefit the condition of thousands of homes."

Work steadfastly, even if slowly. The greatest things in the world were accomplished by slow and constant effort.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

By Aloha.

Easter is coming again to the church of God. Not all hearts are inspired by it. Some hearts are sodden with care. Dust of earth fills many eyes. Some hearts are alert, some souls aspire for a song less unworthy than these they have chanted in other years. Lord of Easter, we ought to look deeper into Easter's meaning, for we near the time, some of us, when our dying bodies shall need his power who is the Resurrection and the Life. Nature in this lovely valley approaches her Easter. It has been a winter of green grass and abundant herbage. The unusual fogs have made the rains hitherto sufficient for the time. As our hearts, remembering past years of drouth, turned toward anxiety—lo! the heavens are opened and the welcome rain descends. The live oaks show dark and living green. From my window I can see the finest black oak in the county putting on its robe of beauty. If you ever pass the Mills-Waterhouse Ranche, on Three Oaks Way, ask your driver to point it out to you. It is worth a trip from the city to see. Apricots are in pink blossom. Almonds have blossomed. The phyloxera have not taken the life of persistent grape-vines, and the demand for the resistant roots is mercifully made gradual for the money and the muscle of busy ranchmen. The notable trees of this valley are prunes, and they, too, seem to have joined the grand fruit combine to make this charming valley more than ever the abode of peace and plenty. From what I saw on the famous Hume Ranche this morning, I think the sight of blossoming fruit trees on the morning of Tuesday, March 20th, will be wonderful and rewarding to those who bring open eyes to see it.

Saratoga Blossom Fete.

The citizens of Saratoga renew their invitations to their friends to come and see God's great promise of food and fruit for man. This year they propose to have the grateful and praiseworthy festival sure, unless rain and storm prevent. They have changed to a date earlier than first announced, that they may retreat to a sunny later date, if clouds compel them. It is a real country festival. Bring wives and children, cousins and sweethearts, if they and you are our friends. One thing only do we boast of and promise. If no frost or blizzard intervene, you may see a sight worth crossing the continent to behold—square miles of cultivated trees, covered with snowy blossoms. Not all Californians even have seen this snowy glory of our Coast.

Your Part.

Come, friends, in holiday costume and in holiday spirits. A regular train on the S. P. R. R. leaves San Francisco and Oakland for Los Gatos at 8:15 a. m., and returns at 3:15 p. m. The fare one way is $1.60. If parties of fifteen or more buy tickets together, the return price will be one-third of regular rate. If three hundred will come the R. R. Co. will give a half-rate and provide a special train. Rev. F. B. Perkins of 600 Seventeenth street, Oakland, will kindly answer all questions and "personally conduct" the excursion. Bring your lunch-baskets unless you would prefer that some enterprising village ladies serve you a dinner at small cost. This dinner is not yet absolutely promised, but is expected.

Our Part.

We will welcome you in His Name, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy. Tea and coffee and pure milk will be provided free, and a pleasant lunching place.

But first, we will bring you a pleasant ride of four miles along the foothills to Saratoga, through the famous Hume Ranche, which will be open to inspection. Mr. Hume's teams will lead the procession—a regular jolly country ride, without charge. We will return you in time for a comfortable home tea. "Blessed are they who do not expect too much, for they shall not be disappointed." But the blossoms, the blossoms, they cannot disappoint you! And you shall have a cluster to take home with you, if it shortens the crop—so the manager promised me.

Saratoga.

The Afrikanders and the British.

By D. Gilbert Dexter.

The war in South Africa is attracting the serious attention of the whole world. There seems to be involved in it matters of vital concern to the well-being of every liberty-loving people. When the insatiate greed of the few is maintained by all the powers of force at the command of a mighty nation, it is surely a spectacle which must cause the whole civilized world to ask, Can it be that the boasted civilization of the present century would permit a war like this to continue for a day? For a moment pause and think of the terrible slaughter and suffering which the war entails. And for what is this fight being waged? The answer is plain and cannot be successfully disputed that it is wholly for sordid gain. The history of "the Afrikanders," from the first appearance of the Dutch in South Africa in 1652, down to the present, is one of intense interest just now, and will well re-pay perusal. Space in this article will not permit to even briefly cover the history of the settlement from 1652 to 1795, although it is filled with great interest.

The historic record from 1795 to 1900 is as follows:

1795, England annexed Cape Colony;

1802, England restored Cape Colony to the Dutch;

1806, England annexed Cape Colony;
1835, England occupied Natal;
1838, England abandoned Natal;
1843, England annexed Natal;
1848, England conquered Orange Free State;
1854, England evacuated Orange Free State;
1877, England annexed the Transvaal;
1881, England evacuated the Transvaal;
1900, England fights to conquer both the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

On the 14th day of July, 1795, by deception and through strategy, England took possession of South Africa, in her desire to guard the route to her Eastern possessions. In 1802, at the peace of Amiens, Cape Colony was restored to the Dutch. When war broke out again in 1806, the English again seized the Cape to prevent Napoleon from occupying it. The English began to come in as settlers after 1814, and from this time the Boers began to see the hand of the tyrant. Some of them were seized and hanged for what they regarded as slight offences, and they felt their liberty was endangered. Further, they had been forced to transact their business in English, a language they did not understand. Matters grew from bad to worse up to 1836, when the "great trek" began into the region now known as the Orange Free State, the Transvaal and the Colony of Natal, which Mr. Hooker, in his interesting work (to which we are greatly indebted) entitled "The Afrikanders: a Century of Dutch-English Feud in South Africa," thus describes:

"Between 1836 and 1838 nearly 10,000 Afrikanders set forth, traveling in large, covered wagons, drawn by strings of oxen numbering, in some cases, ten and twelve yoke. It is interesting to know that among the few survivors of that historic pilgrimage is Paul Kruger, who, as a boy of ten years, helped to drive his father's cattle across velt and mountain range."

The story of the wanderings of these emigrant Afrikanders and their conflicts with the warlike aborigines is romantic to the highest degree. It is impossible to more than allude to it here.

The Boer is by no means a perfect man, but his love for liberty and his heroism commands the admiration of the world. The hostilities between Briton and Boer have been growing with the years. Three times the Boer tried to be rid of the Briton. First, at Natal; the second, north of the Orange river; and then, weary with war and trouble, began a trek to the north that they might get away from their enemies. Their third stand for independence was in the Transvaal, after having been arbitrarily annexed to Great Britain. England pledged fair dealing to the Boer, but broke every pledge. Mr. Bryce, in his "Impressions of South Africa," calls this failure to redeem its promises "a blunder." Canon Little calls it a "mistake." Every *unprejudiced* authority relating to England's course towards the Boer is one of condemnation from the beginning to the present. Let it not be forgotten that the seeds of dislike were planted in the Boer against the English long before the latter came by thousands to the country in pursuit of gold and diamonds.

Mr. Hooker, in his book, enters upon a lengthy account of the grievances of the so-called Boer Republic. In reaching the period of 1896 the two notable mischief-makers Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, appear on the scene, bringing affairs to a crisis. The Jameson raid was a vicious, criminal piece of business, in which England stood sponsor for the acts of adventurers. The author says, "The immediate effect of the raid was most unfavorable to the return of anything like a good feeling between the British and Afrikanders. The historic cablegram of the German Emperor to President Kruger, congratulating him on the prompt and easy suppression of the rebellion, was construed as evidence that the South African Republic was secretly conniving at a German rivalry to Great Britain as the paramount power in South Africa. On the other hand, every burgher in the Transvaal saw in the conspiracy a new indication of the inexorable hostility of the British to their independence, and of a relentless purpose to subvert it again by any means necessary to accomplish their ends, however unjust or violent. The effect on the burghers of the raid was much the same as that of the blowing up of the Maine on the citizens of the United States—a feeling that relations had been created which nothing could finally adjust but war."

At this point I desire to quote from the pen of Mr. Montague White, Diplomatic Agent of the South African Republic to the United States. Mr. White says, in Collier's Weekly": "There is one feature about a great Boer war which must be kept steadily in view, and that is the heroism, the fortitude and the influence of the women. The instincts of maternity and the devotion of the wives to their husbands are relegated to a second place when the country is endangered. A Boer woman seldom concerns herself with politics; but when, during a period of supreme national importance, like the present crisis, her voice is paramount in urging her husband, her son, or her brother to forget all else and do his duty to his fatherland."

"The British Colonial Secretary has announced, in his callous, pitiless way, that the fight is to be fought out to the death, and has foreshadowed what the fate of the Republic is to be—more bloodshed! more carnage! endless suffering! A price is to be paid which

will stagger humanity! Will no British statesman ever realize that the Transvaal and Free State Dutch may be defeated, but they will never be conquered?"

England has been led and drawn into this unholy war through the duplicity of Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, who seem to have Mr. Chamberlain under the most absolute control. A combination, or trust, seems to have been formed between these men, whereby they are endeavoring to hold the bodies, souls, and wealth of the Afrikanders as their own, with no thought or care for the terrible consequences of their acts.

Think of the acts of these men even within the past few days—Rhodes sending plenty of wine to be drank in honor of the recent victories with no thought for the dead, dying and wounded; the widows and orphans made through an inhuman lust for wealth and power. Read the record of a meeting of the De Beers Co. (Cecil Rhodes, President), when Rhodes delivered a speech amid great enthusiasm, announcing the profits of that company for the year at £2,000,000. He said, "I feel a glow of satisfaction at the thought of the immense riches taken from the soil." In closing, Rhodes said, regarding the defense of Kimberley, "We have done our duty in preserving and protecting the greatest commercial association in the world—Her Majesty's flag."

Cardinal Vaughan, in a recent pastoral, said the same Providence is using the British Empire as used of old the Roman Empire, "for the attainment of divine purposes." It would be needless to ask any one conversant with the rise and fall of the Roman Empire to read the fate that is in store for the British Empire from the above conclusion of the Cardinal.

In the last number of Current History, one of the most reliable and impartial publications extant, the editor says: "A mighty empire (England), allowing itself to be either enticed or crowded into war with a little republic, has peculiar need to take account of public opinion and of history."

The Larger Self-Support.

By Professor George Mooar.

Self-support in Northern and Central California to begin in April, 1901! That is the enterprise and word of courage which we are invited to hear and to repeat. That sounds well in the ear of our California self-respect. That may not be the highest motive; but it is by no means necessarily an ignoble one. The average Californian may be thought to be regardful not a little of the comparative good name of his state among the other states of this expansive Union. He is accustomed to think that here within these boundaries of ocean and Sierra grows the finest of the wheat, to say nothing of the gold and silver—in fact, that almost everything that makes a self-sufficing and bounteous commonwealth exists in abundance. Why, then, should not such a commonwealth support its own moral and spiritual life? Why should it be even willing to accept subsidy from any of its sister states? It might have been pardoned for such acceptance in 1849 and perhaps in 1899, but not now, when it is fifty years old. Once its sons did go and ask men and women in Maine or Rhode Island to endow its schools or colleges. But now, with at least two universities, equal to the best and overflowing with students, it is no longer a pensioner on the generosity of older communities. Why should the churches in such a region be even content to be home missionary?

But there is a nobler meaning to this last word in which California may well have a share. There is a well-known commonwealth which may be called missionary in the double meaning. For, in the one hundred years since its home missionary society was organized it has expended six million dollars for the sustaining of churches in the needy populations. But let it be noticed that while one million and a half was spent within its own boundaries, four millions and a half were sent as gifts to towns and cities in other parts of the great Republic. That is to say, where it has bestowed upon itself one dollar it has bestowed three dollars upon others of its American sisterhood. It has thus realized the two-fold blessing of receiving and giving; of ministering, as well as being ministered unto; the satisfaction of providing for its immediate own without checking or stinting the steady outflow of the stream which makes glad the whole of our common country.

It is the hope of all those who have in the past years cherished the dream of California reaching the point of self-support, that the self-support would be of this outreaching and overflowing type; that our churches would not just barely come to the point where we should draw no more money from the old and liberal treasury at New York, but should even carry over every year at least a small surplus to the benefit of those parts of our enlarging America where the call may be even louder than it is here, loud as that call is likely to be and to remain. May the responses that come from the churches in this present March be such as to make more hopeful the prospect that when one more year comes round our dream will have already begun to be fulfilled.

They slumber sweetly whom faith rocks to sleep. No pillow so soft as a promise; no coverlid so warm as an assured interest in Christ.—[Charles Spurgeon.

There is no monopoly in Christianity.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President ..... Mrs. H. E. Jewett
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Treasurer ..... Mrs. S. M. Lodge
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Home Secretary ..... Mrs. C. B. Bradley
2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley.
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576 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland.
Treasurer ..... Young Ladies' Branch
Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.

The Cradle Roll.

Dear Friends of the Southern Branch and Woman's Home Missionary Union: Do you remember that at our last annual meeting you voted to work together in forming Cradle Roll Bands in all our Congregational churches in Southern California? Some of you have been at work, and new bands are springing up here and there, but will you not all make a vigorous effort at once to enroll all the children under nine years of age in your church as members of the Cradle Roll Band and Little Light Bearers?

What more fitting way to celebrate the tenth anniversary of our Southern Branch than to have all the children enlisted as missionary givers? Our aim is to have a Band in every Congregational church in Southern California before the close of 1900. Shall we not make "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether" right away?

Will you not select the right woman to canvass for members, and take charge of the work? I am ready to supply, free of charge, the needed material and give any assistance in my power. Will all those who have already started Bands please give me a detailed account of their Cradle Roll party, the number of members, the amount of money collected, and the number of copies of the Mission Dayspring taken? I would like all the reports by March 20th, if possible. *Mrs. E. M. Pease,*
Supt. Cradle Roll Work.
Claremont, Calif.

Southern Branch W. B. M. P.

The annual meeting of the Southern Branch of the W. B. M. P. will be held, in connection with the Woman's Home Missionary Union, in Santa Barbara, April 8th and 9th.

This will be the tenth anniversary of the Branch, which, having been organized in Santa Barbara, makes this return to that city for this meeting especially appropriate. By placing the dates of these meetings on April 8th and 9th, we are able to take advantage of the Saturday-Tuesday rate offered by the Southern Pacific Railroad, which is $3.50, round trip, from Los Angeles, and other places in proportion, as, Pomona, $4.65; Riverside and San Bernardino, $5.50; Redlands, $5.85.

We hope the friends of the Mission work will plan faithfully to attend, and add their earnestness and enthusiasm to the meeting. Entertainment will be ready for all who come.

Two or three hours will be arranged for sight-seeing, for the benefit of those never having visited that beautiful city before.

Our by-laws provide for representation as follows: Officers of the Branch, Presidents of all Auxiliaries, members of the Branch not members of Auxiliaries, two delegates of each Auxiliary, and an additional delegate for twenty members or fraction of twenty over a membership of twenty-five, shall vote at all meetings of the Branch.

Any number of women contributing not less than $2 annually through our treasury, and any organization of children or youth contributing not less than one dollar annually, in like manner, are auxiliary to the Branch.

We deeply regret that ill health compels Miss Mary G. Holmes to lay down the work of Secretary. Mrs. H. H. Daniels of Redlands, our former Secretary, will complete the year's work.

Let each society report promptly to Mrs. Daniels as to their year's work—their numbers, interest, programs, officers and other matters. These reports should reach Mrs. Daniels not later than March 25th.

All money must be in the treasury (Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Pasadena, Treasurer) by the end of the same week, as her books close March 31st. For the Branch,
Mrs. J. H. Williams, President.
Redlands, March 2, 1900.

What becomes of all the educated Indians? A Hampton Institute teacher answers: "Recent investigations have shown that, of all the students going back to the reservations, three-fourths, at least, are doing well—not a bad record when one considers the homes they come from and the conditions to which they return. So that the cry about Indians "going back to the blanket" is, in a large proportion of cases, without foundation. In almost all cases when there is a disturbance or revolt among the Indians, like the ghost craze of 1891, or the raids that keep our troops busy on the frontiers, the educated Indians stand on the right side, and help to restore order. They teach in industrial and in day schools. They work at their trades of blacksmithing and wheelwrighting or carpentry. Many of them erect comfortable homes, and till their land in an intelligent way. Several are field matrons, agency employees and doctors. And, in almost every avocation, their influence is felt, and felt for good. Best of all, the Indian in the Eastern school learns to trust the white man, and to work with him; and this alone is a potent factor in his elevation."

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Prof. John H. Kerr, D.D.

Jesus at Matthew's House. (Mark ii: 13-22.)

LESSON XI. March 18, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"*He said unto him, Follow me.*" (Luke v: 27.)

Introduction.

Parallel passages: Matt. ix: 9-17; Luke v: 27-39.

Time: Spring of 28 A. D.

Place: Capernaum.

Since the last lesson: It is very plain from the accounts given by the Synoptists that the call of Matthew followed close upon the healing of the paralytic. It was as Jesus passed from the house in which he wrought that miracle that he met and called Matthew. Mark and Luke call this man Levi, for there can be no doubt but that their accounts refer to the same event, and that these are the names of the same man. Levi was the original and Matthew the apostolic name.

At first sight one would suppose that the feast mentioned in this lesson was given by Matthew immediately after his call. But Matthew plainly connects it with that which led up to the raising of Jairus' daughter (Matt. ix: 18), and this latter event did not occur until probably about the end of 28 A. D. Of all the events recorded concerning Matthew these are the only two. It is possible, then, that the reason for recording together these two events, which were really separated by considerable time, was the desire on the part of the evangelists to finish the whole narrative concerning Matthew.

Critical Notes.

V. 13. Leaving the house where he had healed the paralytic, Jesus walked along the seashore, accompanied by the multitudes. As usual "he taught them."

V. 14. The Roman toll house was located on a highway leading into the city. One of the officials was Levi, or Matthew. As Jesus passed by he called upon him to follow him. It seems strange that Jesus should call one who, as a publican or tax-gatherer, would be hateful to the Jews. But doubtless Matthew's contact with men, together with his experience as an accountant and writer, fitted him for the position he was designed to occupy. He probably had previously become a follower of Jesus, but this call was to special discipleship. To heed this call meant to give up his worldly occupation. But his decision was prompt, and without a moment's hesitation he gave up all for Christ.

V. 15. Some months later, on a return to and sojourn in Capernaum, Matthew gave a feast to Jesus in his own home. The apostle was doubtless desirous of bringing Jesus into contact with men of the class to which he had formerly belonged. The Jews regarded the publicans as sinners, so it is not necessary to see here "a mission among the social Pariahs." The Jewish leaders were so steadily opposing Christ in his work, that they doubtless were affecting the attitude of orthodox and zealous Jews. What he could not do among them he would and did accomplish among those who the Jews considered renegades and worse.

V. 16. The gathering doubtless was a large one. The Pharisees were scandalized (?) at his associating with such people. Those censorious critics were always seeking cause for hostile criticism. Their purpose in speaking as they did to his disciples was evidently to attempt to alienate them from him by arousing their natural Jewish prejudices.

V. 17. Doubtless overhearing their words, our Savior quickly defended his course. He affirmed that his mission was to save sinners. By their own verdict against those with whom he was associating, they marked them out as fit subjects for his saving power. As the Pharisees would not see their own need of salvation from sin, Jesus naturally sought those who not only needed a physician, but also acknowledged their need. Matthew adds (ix: 13): "Go ye and learn what this meaneth; I desire mercy, and not sacrifice; for I came not to call the righteous but sinners."

V. 18. Fasting was a permanent feature in Jewish life. Though the law indicated only one day of fasting, i. e., the great Day of Atonement, the Jews had introduced two weekly fasts, Monday and Thursday. Instigated by the Pharisees, some of John's disciples who were present wished to know why Jesus' disciples disregarded these weekly fasts.

V. 19. Jesus responded: "Is it possible to make guests fast at a wedding? Would it not be morally impossible to have such a combination? To John's disciples this parable would come home with special force, for their Master had called Jesus 'the Bridegroom,' and himself 'the friend of the Bridegroom.'" It would be utterly incongruous and unfitting to attempt to fast while Jesus was with them.

V. 20. But Jesus hastened to add that days of sorrow were ahead. When they should come, then fasting could fittingly be practised. This is the first intimation of Jesus of his approaching death. "Jesus did not concern himself about Pharasaic practice, but he was concerned to defend his own disciples without disparagement of John, and also to prevent John's way and the respect in which he was justly held from creating a prejudice against himself."

V. 21. To illustrate the point in hand Jesus spoke a pair of parables (Luke v: 36). The first of these is drawn from the mending of a torn garment. "A piece of undressed cloth" (R. V.) is cloth which has not been shrunk. To sew such a piece into a rent in an old

garment would result simply in tearing the old and making the rent worse. In this way both old and new would be ruined. "The piece torn from the new garment is probably exemption from fasting. To deprive Christ's disciples of this freedom, while he is with them, would be to spoil the system in which they are being trained; and to impose this exemption upon the disciples of John and the Pharisees, would also spoil the system in which they had been trained."

V. 22. This second parable goes further than the first. Jesus teaches that to attempt to put the new wine of the gospel in the old skin-bottles of forms and ceremonies would be fatal to both. The free spirit of the gospel could never be held within such bounds. The law and the gospel could not be combined, since the principles that dominated them were radically different.

Lesson Teaching in Scripture Language.

1. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (I Tim. i: 15).

2. "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John viii: 31, 32).

3. "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage" (Gal. v: 1).

Consecration.

Laid on Thy altar, oh, my Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make.
But now I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,
But only Thou, dear Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.
Hidden therein Thy searching eyes can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
And all that I love, or am, or fain would be—
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It has been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clinched in my grasp until beauty it hath none.
Now from my footstool, where it vanquished lies.
The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be done."
Take it, oh, my Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will that, e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And thou give back my gift, it may have been—
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as my own;
But, gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

—*Selected.*

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Ye Must Be Born Again (John iii: 1-15).

Topic for March 18th.

(Meeting led by the pastor.)

Much force of impression in this meeting will be gained if we have made a suitable use of the topic one week ago. A slovenly treatment of one theme in the Bible often leads to a misunderstanding of the next one; while a well prepared study of one subject frequently illumines many others which we examine afterwards.

We have our choice in this record of our Lord's interview with Nicodemus, either to make it a quagmire or a hill of delightful observation. If we rush into the mysteries of the new birth and begin to unravel some interminable tangle of philosophy, we shall flounder in problems far beyond our depth, as multitudes have done. But if we study this account as a simpler revelation from God of a truth important for us to know and act upon, it will shine like a gleam of clear light upon a path greatly needing a keener vision.

* * *

But to do this we must first place ourselves in the attitude of the man addressed. Nicodemus was a leader of thought. He did not approach Jesus as a simple-minded learner; he had his views, his traditions and his matured convictions. His first need is correction. If a man is on the wrong road, he must first be taken out of the wrong path before he can be put into the right one. He cannot try both at the same time and finally decide which he will take. So Christ talked with Nicodemus as a man whose convictions, if, indeed, they were sincere and genuine, were erroneous. He needed first to be corrected, turned about and faced in quite a different direction. The idea of the kingdom of God was not a new one. He was not ignorant of what it meant as Cornelius was; or, as any Gentile might have been. For a long time he had supposed himself a member of that kingdom. Indeed, he was at that very moment a renowned teacher of the truths of that kingdom. But he had made a profound mistake as to the way to enter that realm. So the primal object of our Masters' words was to set Nicodemus right on the fundamental requirement in having any intelligent and vital connection with the kingdom of God. Hence his opening words went straight to the mark: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

* * *

Nicodemus had entertained the idea which thousands around us are holding, that entrance into the kingdom of God may be effected by teaching. But Jesus cuts the ground entirely

away from that idea by this vehement affirmation that God's kingdom is entered by a *new life*, and not by teaching. Men delay their discipleship by mixing things. The right order of truth is as necessary as the right conception of truth. Second things cannot be put first; later experiences cannot take the place of initial steps. What is the use of talking about our oaks before we have sprouted the acorn. To adapt Paul's imagery, what is the sense of measuring our olive crop before the olive stock has been grafted with the proper cion! Why should we speak of a man "casting himself on his divinest impulses" before he has opened his heart to the indwelling of the Divine; as Jesus states it to Nicodemus, before he is "born anew."

* * *

This is the simple, fundamental and universal revelation of Jesus on this occasion. It is that life from life must come. This is not "dogma," but truth; it is not theology, but revelation; it is not orthodoxy, but fact. We cannot teach a dead dog to bark. Culture will not hang apples on a dead tree. Baths, banquets, or sermons will not bring a prayer from the lips of a man whose life is extinct. No; cultivation has no power over death. If it is true that man is dead through sin (cf. Eph. ii :1), then he will not become alive until he is born anew; or, as Paul puts it in the second of Ephesians: "Quickened with Christ, and raised up with him, and made to sit with him in heavenly places." This is the one unequivocal law of nature and of spiritual life. It needs just now to be re-stated and emphasized in clear utterance; for the crop of Nicodemus has by no means run out or run short.

* * *

Of course, this old Jewish scribe began to question, and reason and philosophize, and give large play to his "inner consciousness." If Jesus had followed him in his rambles to any great length, this affair would have had little value for us. But he gives his questioner to understand that the mystery of that fact belonged to God's side of the transaction, and might well be let alone. When men believe as Jesus tells them of "heavenly things," and when they trust their ambitions and character and destiny to the Son of man "lifted up," God will take care that the new birth is not delayed. The love of light is a sure indication that the new birth has come and we are in the kingdom of God. If we welcome the Lord's day for the light it brings, and listen to preaching for the light it sheds, and seek the fellowship of one another for the light that may be given and received, we may dismiss the mysteries of the new birth and thank God for the gift of the kingdom of heaven.

It is alone upon the Sinai of conscience that God speaks to us.—[Gunsaulus.

What Are You Giving?

To the Church? How much of your time and energy? How much of your best thought in planning her work? Do you exhaust your strength in business so that you are almost too tired on the Sabbath to think clearly? Church of Christ needs consecrated brains, energy and personal service.

To the unfortunates? What a large number of our brothers and sisters are crippled in one way or another worse than physical blindness or lameness! Crippled by sinful heredity with vile appetites and sins, or crippled by narrow, cramping environment. What are you feeling for them? Sympathy? Well; but what are you doing? Have you found some good movement you can help which relieves and redeems these unfortunates?

To the great, wide world? It is getting closer together, and we can see now the needs of China, Africa, Cuba, the Philippines. We are shocked and stunned by awful revelations. What are you doing? Getting into personal relations with workers to encourage and materially help them? Praying for them daily?

What can we do? As Saul did—let us ask the Lord. He will speak to us concerning it. He will direct to a place of usefulness, and if we are his, there will be real work we can do.

[Selected.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

Kingdom of Light! whose morning star
To Bethlehem s manger led the way,
Not yet upon our longing eyes
Shines the full splendor of the day,
Yet still across the centuries falls,
Solemn and sweet, our Lord's command;
And still with steadfast faith we cry,
"Lo, the glad kingdom is at hand!"

Some men get so puffed up by success that their influence becomes greatly weakened. You can tell the material of a man by the way he takes success. "Celebrity sobers a wise man; but notoriety makes a fool bigger than ever." Some one once asked Mr. Moody, "Do not you ever get 'set up' a little by the honors piled upon you in all parts of the world?" His reply was, "If I am 'set up' for one moment, I am set down the next."

A bill has been introduced by Representative Allen of Mississippi, that should become a law. It provides that the number of chaplains in the army shall be equal to the number of regiments, those in the volunteer service to serve only the same period their regiments do. It would seem to be as little as a Christian government could do for its soldiers, to furnish every regiment with a chaplain.

Results are not always punishments.

Home Circle.

When the Baby Went Away.

When the baby went away,
Oh, how dark the dreary day!
In the skies the dismal clouds were hanging low;
Darker yet within the door,
And our aching hearts were sore,
While we watched until the darling child should go.

Hushed our voices were and still,
Crushed our hearts with every ill,
And our eyes with blinding, scalding tears were full;
For the pallor on her face
Marked how death swept on apace;
And the flames once flashing in her eyes grew dull.

Then a gasp once more for breath—
One last struggle fierce with death,
And the pain-racked, suff ring little form was still;
Broke in sobbings then my grief,
And I found in tears relief,
Though submissive to the mandate of God's will.

When the baby went away,
Though so dark the dreary day,
Yet "a light that never was on land or sea"
Burst the dismal clouds apart,
Shone like flame within my heart,
And dispelled the darkness drear enshrouding me.

For she left the gates ajar
To the blessed land afar,
And its splendor and its sweetness swathed my soul;
I could see the "great white throne,"
And the Shepherd, with his own
Safely folded while eternal ages roll.

I can see my baby now,
With her calm and noble brow,
And she smiles upon me while I plod on earth;
Aye, I feel her loving touch,
And remember that "of such
Is the kingdom" into which she then had birth!

When the baby went away—
No more dark is that drear day,
For she opened wide to me the "pearly gate!"
Aye! she blesses now my life,
Stays its passion, stills its strife,
Spurs me onward, makes my heavy heart elate!

When the baby went away—
Like an angel, then, she lay—
Like an angel, now, she seems to speak to me;
Bids me take life's burdens up,
Calmly drink its bitter cup,
Bravely forge my forward way, though hard it be.

Oh, how grand has life become!
Throbs and thrills my heart, then numb,
With the larger hope and promise death has given!
For I know her budding soul,
While eternal ages roll,
Will be blooming out in blessedness in heaven!

And such gladness given to her
To my soul shall serve as spur
To be ever braver, holier, day by day!
For she liveth still, ah me!
And death's vaunted victory
Lost its venom, when the baby went away!

—*Advance.*

Abraham Lincoln's First Christmas Gift, and What Came of It.

"There, now, Abram, my lad, don't take on so. It is the good Lord's will to take her to himself, now, and so she told you before she went. You must be good, and some day go to meet her in the world above, where there are no tears and sighs and partings," and as the kind-hearted woman arranged the poor little flowers that the boy had brought from the woods around the dead face of his mother, her tears fell softly into the open coffin; for she, too, had loved the dear mother who had only kindness in her heart for every living creature. Her own womanly heart went out in sympathy to the bereaved husband and children, especially to the little heart-broken son, whose life had been bound up in that of the idolized mother.

What a desolate home it was, that from which the saintly mother was that day carried out to her burial under the trees that surrounded the cabin! It was a poor kind of a home, even for poor people, and in those pioneer days, when the settlers were content to exist on the plainest kind of food, and live in houses devoid of every luxury and wanting in almost every comfort and convenience now thought absolutely necessary. It was a log-cabin, without doors or window-glass, a dirt floor, a bed of dried leaves, two or three home-made stools, and a rude table formed of logs from which even the bark had not been removed. After the angel-mother had been laid away in the pine coffin to rest forever, the inmates left in the poor little home were the father, Thomas Lincoln, an easy-going, good-natured man, who could neither read nor write; his twelve-year-old daughter Sarah, a pale, sensitive girl, with the seeds of consumption already planted in her sustem; and her brother, Abraham, a tall, awkward boy of ten, noted for his homely face and sterling honesty. Unlike her husband, Mrs. Lincoln had been a fair scholar for her times, and though possessing but a single book in the world, the Bible, had succeeded in teaching her boy to read, thereby imparting to him that love of learning through which, by his own exertions, he afterwards rose to the highest position in the gift of the American people.

Though scarcely ten years of age at the time of his mother's death, Abraham had the Bible well-night by heart, and he looked upon his gentle teacher as the embodiment of all the good precepts the Holy Book contained. Afterwards, when he had reached the zenith of his fame, and governed thirty millions of people, he said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel-mother. Blessings on her memory!" The death of this dear mother almost broke his heart. Day after day he sat on her grave and wept. He could not become reconciled to the way she was buried, without a burial service; but in all that region no one could be found capable of conducting such a service. At last, nine months after the dear one had entered life more abundant, Abraham

wrote a letter to Parson Elkins, the good minister who had been their pastor in Kentucky, asking him to come and preach his mother's funeral sermon. He came, on horseback, over one hundred miles, and on a bright Sabbath morning, when the neighbors from all parts of the country had gathered under the trees to hear what he had to say in honor of one they all loved, he stood up among them, and, over the grave of the precious dead, who, like the Savior she followed, was not sleeping in the tomb, but had risen. "It's only the empty casket that lies beneath," he said; "the gem—the soul—released from its prison-house of clay, has soared upward, and is already in the Savior's immediate presence, in his keeping. For,—

'The soul immortal, as its sire,
Shall never die.' "

Satisfied now that the dear mother had received the honor due her, the boy, remembering her counsel while in life, turned to the duties devolving upon him. He longed to know something beyond the stumps between which he planted his corn, and that he might satisfy his thirst for knowledge, he borrowed "Pilgrim's Progress," and studied it as he had done the Bible, until he could repeat the greater part of it from memory. Then some one was kind enough to loan him "Æsop's Fables," which he pored over with great delight. One day Hannah Armstrong, the motherly neighbor, who, since that day when she placed Abram's flowers around his dead mother, had proven a friend to the orphan children, brought the hungry-hearted boy a present of a second-hand copy of "Robinson Crusoe." It was on a Christmas-day, and little Abe was so delighted with the first present that he had ever received that he could not find words strong enough to express his gratitude, and many years afterward, when he had arrived at considerable distinction in his profession, an opportunity occurred to return the kindness in a way that repaid her a hundred-fold.

A man was murdered at a camp-meeting near where Mrs. Armstrong lived, and her son, quite a boy, was arrested as an accomplice, appearances being much against him. Mrs. Armstrong was now a widow and very poor, so poor, indeed, that she was unable to retain counsel for her son. She believed him innocent, and not liking the lawyer appointed by the court to defend him, she wrote to Lincoln, relating her troubles and begging him to advise her what to do.

He was very busy at that time; but he had not forgotten the poor woman's kindness when his dear mother died, and he still had the old, limp copy of "Robinson Crusoe" to remind him of that Christmas long before. He came to see her, looked up the evidence, and, believing the boy to be innocent, undertook the defense.

The trial was set for the last week in December, and the excitement was so great that law-abiding people feared there would be a lynching. One witness testified that, by the aid of the brightly-shining moon, he saw the prisoner inflict the death-blow with a slung-shot. By a careful cross-examination, Mr. Lincoln succeeded in making the witness contradict himself, showing by the almanac that no moon was visible that night at the time the murder was committed. The jury shed tears as the kind-hearted lawyer, in his tender appeal, drew a picture of the fatherless boy, hounded to his death by the false witness-bearing enemy, and when the jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," the poor old mother fainted in her boy's arms. Tears streamed down Mr. Lincoln's cheeks, as, lifting the poor woman up, he whispered words of comfort, and when, a little later, she asked what she should try to pay him, he said, "Why, Hannah, I shan't charge you a cent! Never! Do you think I am ungrateful enough to forget you kindness to an orphan boy? I have the book you gave me yet—a Christmas-gift, you remember; and since this is Christmas again, I shall come and eat turkey with you, and we will talk over old times while it is cooking." And they did, Mr. Lincoln not forgetting to furnish the feast to which he had invited himself, however. But his gratitude did not terminate here. He interested himself in securing a good position for the boy, and years afterward, when the poor old mother died, he sent a pillow of flowers for her coffin, thinking of the ones she had arranged around his mother so long before, when he, a broken-hearted lad, had wept over the first great sorrow of his own life.—[Western.

The New Century Puzzle.

January 1, 1901, begins the new century, and not January 1, 1900. The discussion over this has been highly amusing. It seems impossible that there can be any chance for argument on this matter, and yet some intelligent and scholarly men and women have gotten sadly mixed on it. Two college presidents have publicly blundered over it.

If the first of the century was the year 1, then the first year of the second century was the year 101; of the tenth century 901; and of the twentieth century 1901.

There was never a 0 year.

The second decade did not begin until ten years had past. The second decade began in the year 11. The first century could not have ended until 100 years had passed. The second century could not begin until the year 101, nor can the twentieth till the year 1901.—[Journal of Education.

To walk in His light is to live in his life.

The Lad with the Inquiring Mind.

"A lad with such inquiring mind
Should be encouraged, dear."
So Ned's proud father makes remark:
Mamma smiles and looks queer.

And when next time this wonder lad
His brain cells would supply,
She says, "Go ask your papa, dear;
He knows as well as I."

So swift he hies to where papa
With paper reads at ease,
And fires forth a volley of
Inquiries such as these:

"The teacher says the earth is round:
Then why don't we fall off?
And if we should where would we go?
And, say, do chickens cough?

"Pa, what becomes of all the pins?
How can moths eat a hole?
Did anybody ever climb
The icy old north pole?

"Why can't it freeze in summer, say,
When folks are melted nearly?
What makes ice melt? Why don't it stay?
Why do ducks walk so queerly?

"I wish that God had made me twins,
Why didn't he, I wonder?
And, papa, when it lightens here,
In heaven does it thunder?

"Oh, where does all the smoke go to?
Why haven't cats two legs?
And why do people always call
The little barrels 'kegs'?"

Here little Lad stops to take breath,
Before he asks another;
When papa says in calm despair:
"My son, go ask your mother."

—*Francis P. Carson in the Advance.*

How Willie and I Rode Pig-Back.

They were the sweetest pigs you ever saw; and Michael O'Dowd, the farm steward, had bought them for father at the fair of St. Anne's.

One was a fat little white pig, with a curly tail, and the other was a little fat black pig, with a straight tail; and they had the cunningest eyes, and were so smooth and clean that Willie and I agreed that they were "perfect ducks of pigs."

I think we both rather preferred the black one—he was so very black, and was such a sociable little fellow.

One night shortly after their arrival, when Willie and I had gone to bed, and nurse had carried away the lamps, Willie crept out of his cot and into mine.

He had been making a wonderful plan; and, as it was a dead secret, we had to talk about it under the bed-clothes.

He thought if we were to get up very early, before the nurse came in, and go out doors, and mount those sweet new pigs, we could soon train them nicely; and what did I think of that for fun?

I squeaked with delight under the blankets. Willie said he had told his plan to Micky O'Dowd, the steward's son, who was quite an old boy, about nine years of age, and that Mickey had promised to help, and would meet us at the pigsty as soon as it was light.

Morning came; and, oh! what a time we had dressing ourselves! Everything that tied on we tied in hard double-knots, and everything that buttoned on we buttoned before instead of behind, which made the arm-holes uncomfortable. We crept out by the study window, as the great front door was still bolted and barred.

Mickey was on hand, and so were the pigs.

I was a little disturbed to find that I must ride like a boy, for the pigs simply *wouldn't* be saddled.

Mickey chased our steeds into a corner of the pen while we mounted; for mount we did, although they squealed enough to deafen us. A moment later and we were off.

Shall I ever forget how those pigs did run? The black one led, with Will hanging on to its ears for dear life, his yellow curls streaming out straight behind him; the white pig close behind, yelling like mad, as I clung with both arms around his neck. But, just as he reached the very roughest spot in the yard, the black pig stopped short, and stood on his head. The white one was too close behind to pull up in time, so he tumbled heels over head on top of the black one; and, when the terrified Mickey reached the spot, the pigs were nowhere, but a very sober boy and girl sat upon the paving of the yard, the boy with a bump over his eye and the girl with a rapidly swelling nose.

Mickey picked us up, tied up Willie's head in a red cotton handkerchief, and gave me a cabbage-leaf to hold to my nose. Then he "cleared," and no Mickey was seen about the place for a week or more.

Willie and I started for the house, hand in hand. "We did have a lovely time, tho, didn't we?" said Willie, from under the red cotton handkerchief. "We did," I groaned from behind the cabbage-leaf.

But between ourselves, little men and women, we have never ridden piggy-wig, black or white, from that day to this.—[Babyland.

Very Useful.

Bert: "I don't see any use in the geography lesson."

Mattie: "Why, you goosey, it's of the greatest use. It tells you where to go when you can't get there and describes the country and all that. If we had no geography, we'd get lost all over the world."—[Exchange.

Earthly arithmetic says, "Give and want." Heavenly arithmetic says, "Give and grow rich."—[Schauffler.

Christ's Triumphal Entry.

Ride onward, O King of the lowly,
And trample our pride in thy path!
Let us follow thee, asking no honor
Save the blessing humanity hath.

Ride on, and release us from evil!
Ride on and redeem us from sin!
Every gate of our being flies open;
Ride on, to thy kingdom within.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Want of our Nature.

Man was created a worshipful being—to love and to enjoy him forever. That man has abused this innate principle of his being is no fault of his Creator. Man may turn away from God and worship idols, but even that proves the inmost longings of his soul is God. You pick up the skeleton of a bird upon a moor, and if you know anything about osteology—the science of bones—you will see in the very make of its breastbone and its wing-bones, the declaration that its destiny is to soar into the blue sky. You pick up the skeleton of the fish lying on the beach, and you will see in its very form and characteristics that its destiny is to expatiate in the depths of the sea. And, written on you as distinctly as flight on the bird, or swimming on the fish, is this, that you are meant, by your make, to soar up into the heights of the glory of God, and to plunge into the abysses of his infinite love and wisdom. Man is made for God. "Whose image and superscription hath it?" said Christ. The coin belongs to the king whose head and titles are displayed upon it. And on your heart, friend, though a usurper has tried to recoin the piece, and put his own foul image on the top of the original one, is stamped deep that you belong to the King of kings—to God Himself.

For what does your heart want? A perfect, changeless, all-powerful love. And what does your mind want? Reliable, guiding, inexhaustible and yet accessible truth. And what does your will want? Commandments which have an authoritative ring in their very utterance, and which will score for infallible guides for your lives. And what do our weak, sinful natures want? Something that shall free our consciences, and shall deliver us from the burden of our transgressions, and shall calm our fears, and shall quicken and warrant our lofty hopes. And what do men whose nature is to live forever want but something that shall go with them through all changes of condition, and, like a light in the midst of the darkest tunnel, shall burn in the passage between this and the other world, and that shall never be taken away from them? We want a person to be everything to us. No accumulation of things will satisfy a man. And we want all our treasures to be in one Person, and we need that that Person shall live as long as we live, and as long as we need shall have stores sufficient to supply us. And all this is only the spelling in many letters of the one name God. That is what we want—that, and nothing less.—[India Witness.

Giving and Giving Up.

To give is vastly more than to give up. It requires merely renunciation to give up, but it requires the same renunciation plus wisdom and the most careful forethought and planning to give. It requires but a single act to give up a fortune, and so be rid at once of the opportunity and of the responsibility of it. That could be done by casting it into the sea; but it requires a whole life of continuous consecration so to use a fortune as to give it in all its varied uses to the Master. One of the merchant princes of this country came to a man of much more limited means, but of a greater intimacy with the organized work of the kingdom of Christ on earth, and wanted that man to give away two million dollars for him. The rich man had a spirit of sacrifice capable of much giving up, but was conscious of his own inability to give wisely. So in ancient days there were many who had grace sufficient to give up their lives in ascetic sacrifices, but had not acquired the heavenly wisdom needed to give their lives in fruitful service. It has always been easier to put talents away wrapped in a napkin than to give those talents in such loyal, patient service that they produce for the Lord other talents beside them. We must learn to grow through the unselfishness which is able and ready to give up, on into the wise ministry able and ready to give.—[Sunday-school.

Besetting Sins.

Besetting sins are among the most enticing. They would not be besetting sins unless they were. Whatever their form, they have a grip on us which we never fully realize till we try to cast them off. Trifling although they may sometimes seem, as we first face them, we soon learn that our relation to them is that of a real, terrible bondage. If we are to live Christian lives in any true sense, to know anything of the happiness, freedom and usefulness of true followers of Christ, it can only be as we consecrate ourselves without reservation to the struggle which begins when we first learn what Christ is like, and continues till our last breath—the struggle to overcome, in his name and for his sake, the sin which doth so easily beset us.—[Congregationalist.

Make sure that, however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what they are, and that, however slight they may be, you had better make some patient effort to get quit of them—[Ruskin.

Church News.

Northern California.

Berkeley First.—Two persons were received Sunday on confession of faith.

San Francisco First.—Thirteen persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church—four on confession of faith. These make twenty-six received since the first of the year.

San Francisco Richmond.—Rev. C. R. Pomeroy, late Chancellor of Puget Sound University, preached a fine sermon Sunday evening on "The Privileges and Responsibilities of Youth."

Salmon Creek.—An ecclesiastical council met at Salmon Creek, Humboldt county, February 27th, to organize and receive into fellowship a Congregational church. Rev. F. M. Washburn was chosen moderator and L. E. Goble scribe. The church starts with fourteen members. This is the result of a growing interest under the ministry of Rev. G. A. Jasper, who will continue his labors for the coming year. A crowded house listened to the services, Rev. David Peebles giving the right hand of fellowship and Rev. A. H. Johnson of Ferndale preaching the sermon.

Oakland Second.—Last Sunday was a grand day for this church. Having united with the Chase Street M. E. church and the Union Street Presbyterian church in evangelistic services, which were continued for seven weeks, Pastor Philips and his people were last Sunday reaping the benefit of their good work. Twenty persons were received by them. All were heads of families, and people who will be excellent help to the church. Rev. J. R. Knodell helped Mr. Philips in the services, which included reception of members and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This is the most hopeful outlook for the Second church of years. Their hard-won success of the past two years was greatly increased last Sunday, and the journey towards self-support in their church work made a thing certain for the near future.

Oakland Pilgrim.—The semi-annual barrel opening, under the direction of the Missionary Circle, occurred last Friday evening. The contributions thus made during the six months amounted to $64. These are divided equally between the Home and Foreign Societies, through the treasuries of the W. B. M. P. and the W. H. M. U. The next six months will, in all probability, show as large an amount in the barrels. In addition to these barrel contributions Pilgrim church takes an annual offering for these and other of our societies. A pleasing feature of the meeting Friday evening was the reading of several papers prepared by some of the younger members of the church concerning the workers in the foreign field who are supported by the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific. And Mrs. F. B. Perkins, one of the Secretaries of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California, added to the interest by a talk concerning the work of the Union. The Rev. J. R. Knodell, a former beloved pastor, was present and voiced in prayer the gratitude of the church for the blessings of recent months. Wednesday evening of the same week the weekly prayer-meeting evening was taken by the Ladies' Missionary Society for a missionary meeting. Mrs. E. J. Singer, wife of Superintendent Singer of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society, was in attendance and spoke of the work being done and needing to be done by that Society in this part of California; and Rev. W. W. Madge, the Sunday-school Superintendent, spoke of the origin and growth of Sunday-schools.

Southern California.

Avalon Catalina Island.—Sunday, March 4th, was communion Sunday, and five members were received. Our hearts are greatly cheered by these accessions and the interest by the community in the present work of the church. Pastor Williams was assisted in the beautiful service of the Sabbath by Rev. Mr. Boyle of First Presbyterian church of Colorado Springs and Rev. T. R. Price of London, England. Many tourists are with us.

San Jacinto.—Thirteen persons united with the church March 4th, ten on confession of faith. These additions are, in part, the result of the union revival services and, in part, of "Decision Day" in our Sunday-school. The statement in The Pacific a few weeks ago, that "eleven strong men" were converted in our meetings during one week, was erroneous The number ten would cover all the converts that week, and only five were men. Our union effort was, however, greatly blessed, about forty, altogether, taking a definite step forward in confession of Christ.

Woman's Home Missionary Union.

Our quarterly meeting will be held at the Congregational church, Haywards, Thursday, March 15th. Come, and enjoy a ride through the blossoming fruit orchards and a day with the Haywards friends. Morning session begins at 10:30. Lunch will be served at ten cents each. Take Broad Gauge to Fruitvale Station; thence electric car to Haywards; or take electric line directly from Oakland.

Laura T. Perkins, Sec.

It is said that there are 600 Mohammedans in Greater New York, and that they plan to build a mosque.

Notes and Personals.

The Los Angeles Independent gave last week good pictures of the Mariners' church in this city, and of its pastor, the Rev. Joseph Rowell.

Since 1892 Congregational church work has been inaugurated in fifty-five places in California, in only three of which was there preaching previous to those organizations.

The Rev. J. C. Dorward has returned from Southern California and may be addressed at 1314 Tenth Avenue, Oakland. While Mr. Dorward was South he spoke in twenty different churches.

The Saratoga church gave $75 last year for home missions. Its portion this year is $108. The Record says: "We shall need to be carefully planning for it." Careful planning will be necessary in all the churches. But that sort of planning will win.

The Editor of The Pacific presented the claims of the paper in the First church of Oakland Sunday morning, going there on the invitation of the pastor. What was said was indorsed by the pastor and considerable added in commendation of the paper as an important factor in Pacific Coast Congregationalism. As a result seventeen new subscribers were secured.

A council has been called to meet in the Market Street church, Oakland, Thursday afternoon, to advise that church as to the dissolution of the pastoral relations between the church and the Rev. Mr. Wallace, who tendered his resignation recently. It is reported that the church will call a conference of churches soon to advise as to its indebtedness, with the hope that some way may be devised to relieve it somewhat, at least from that burden.

The average attendance of the Pastor's Bible Class in the First church of Oakland during the three months it was conducted was more than three hundred. Its offering of $44.30 on the last Sunday in February was devoted to the Good Will and North Oakland Free Kindergartens. The class will not be under the direction of the pastor again before the close of the year. Meanwhile, under the leadership of Mr. R. H. Chamberlain, it will make a study of the life of Christ.

In the recent report made by Superintendent Case concerning the work of the California Spanish Missionary Society, it is stated that there are not less than one hundred Spanish-speaking communities scattered along from San Francisco to San Diego, where the gospel is practically unknown. Although the present force of workers is insufficient for the work already undertaken, calls are coming for the inauguration of work in many other places. It is said to be almost impossible to get consecrated and trained Christian workers who are equipped with the Spanish language. Mr. Case has been asked by the board of directors to select several young people and train them for the work. Among other things he says in his report: "Some special services held in Pomona drew together the Spanish-speaking people from a wide region. One day several families drove in from Corona, a distance of twenty miles. At the close of the meeting a Mexican mother asked: 'Can't you go to our town? We never hear these things there. Our children have no one to teach them of Jesus Christ. If you will go, I assure you all our people will come out to hear.' I could only promise to go as soon as possible. Pressure of other appointments already made has prevented my going or sending as yet."

Very many Haywards people are highly indignant at the San Francisco Call, because of its recent cartoon, representing the Rev. L. J. Garver as figuring in a cake-walk. Mr. Garver published a card in the Chronicle denying participation in any such affair. A large number of the leading citizens of Haywards have expressed their indignation in the Journal of that place. They say, among other things: "That the article has caused indignation among all who know the parties concerned or the facts, is patent. Who is the guilty party has not been proven, nor is it necessary to our interest to prove. Whether the Call was only a fool or something worse remains to be seen. Whichever it may be, we respectfully beg leave to protest against the said article and condemn it as a piece of filthy and far-fetched libel." The article from which this quotation is made had affixed to it the signatures of seventy of Haywards' citizens—doctors, lawyers, merchants and others, all of them from among the best people living there. It may seem funny to the Call to make such publications as that, but after a while, if they continue in such ways, they will strike the wrong man. He will, however, prove to be the right man for all except the persons engaged in such journalism as that.

The Rev. E. S. Williams was up from Saratoga the other day, breathing the enthusiasm of country life and inviting all his friends and their neighbors to a flower fete, to be held in that charming village the 20th of March. That is about the time of the year when, in this part of California, the thoughts and hearts of people turn toward the country. It is at its best then. Myriads of beautiful flowers look up heavenward, and the fruit trees, with their great loads of fragrant blossoms dot the landscape with beauty incomparable. Life is made better and longer by an occasional

trip out into such an atmosphere. Alas! not all can go thus away. And some become so bound to the circumscribed life of the city that they do not care to go even when the opportunity is offered. An editorial writer in the Christian Register says: "We remember two old women—sisters—one a dressmaker, the other a fine laundress and lace-mender, who had lived over thirty years in a tenement, in two small rooms opening on a very malodorous, dirty little street in the most crowded part of the city. During those thirty years they had not taken a vacation. They had not even been to the park more than once or twice in the slack time of work, the dead, hot midsummer, when life seemed to stagnate in a miasmatic pool. Friends among their employers felt genuine pity for these poor women, so long deprived of fresh air and the sweet, soothing influences of a country outing. Therefore, with more zeal than knowledge, they engaged board for them in one of the fresh-air homes, procured railway tickets, and made every arrangement for the little journey of two hours that was to land them in a country Eden. But the morning of the day appointed for departure one of the sisters came to her well-meaning friend with tears in her eyes, and holding the offending railway tickets in her hand. 'We can't go,' she began, sobbing. 'Sister and me are afraid. We don't know what the country is like; it seems so big and strange and lonesome. So I have brought back the tickets, and I hope you won't be offended.'" "Poor, old soul!" says the writer. How could any one be offended with a mole that has lived nearly half a century at the bottom of its little den and finds itself quite blind when it creeps out to the light?"

The Berkeley Chinese Mission.

The new mission house was dedicated with unique and very interesting services on Friday evening, February 23d. It fronts on Shattuck avenue (No. 1946), just north of Berkeley Station. It is a cottage standing on a lot about fifty feet wide and with ample depth. The front room is the chapel and school-room. Seventy-five people were seated in it on the dedication evening. There was no room for more. There were choruses in English and Chinese, a quartet and a solo by Chinese brethren, an interesting address by Wong Gow—our missionary helper for Oakland and Berkeley, a collection amounting in cash and pledges to about $80, and finally a treat by the Chinese of ice cream and cakes that, for quality and quantity, were fit to banquet a king.

The Mission school was started on Monday, February 26th. Sixteen pupils were enrolled the first evening. This number grew to 22 on the second evening, and to 30 on the third. The prospect is that this will rank among our largest and most useful missions, except, of course, the Central in San Francisco. Miss Janet G. Morrison, who has wrought in the Central Mission for seven years past, has charge for the present, aided, one-half of the time, by Wong Gow.

When the time came at which we could undertake this work in Berkeley, we found this cottage and learned that it belonged to our brother, J. L. Barker, Esq. We applied to him to rent it to us, but were told that it was not for rent, but for sale. This rather disappointing reply was, however, accompanied by this generous offer—that the lot, which all real estate experts agreed was cheap at $2,000, he would sell to us for $1,800; that the cottage, which originally must have cost $1,000, he would sell for $350; and that towards this amount he would subscribe $150.

This seemed like a clear providential invitation to strike for yet another Mission House, and it is ours. To reconstruct the interior and adjust it to our uses and to paint the exterior, to build a front fence and introduce electric lights, to provide thirty chairs, an organ, books, etc., has cost fully $500, making a total cost of $2,650. Of this amount $1,250 is a loan from Mr. Barker; $400 is loaned from one of our Sinking Funds, the balance in which cannot be used till next October; $520 have been contributed; and the balance has been advanced against some subscriptions as yet unpaid, and some more subscriptions which we fondly hope for from friends not yet appealed to. And gifts that come without waiting for an appeal have a flavor and a helpfulness peculiar to themselves and greatly appreciated by *Wm. C. Pond*, Supt.

March 1, 1900.

In an article concerning the late Dr. William Henry Green of Princeton Theological Seminary, Dr. Cuyler says that he was the best type of a conservative Hebrew scholar, and that as a conservative he did not stand alone among the scholars of the age. In this connection he recalls the statement made by Dr. Behrends two years ago, that after a careful examination he had discovered that out of seventy-three theological professors in the most famous universities of Germany, thirty belong to the radical school, while forty-three belong to the moderate and conservative ranks.

A line in Gray's famous poem, "An Elegy in a Country Grave-Yard," can be written in twenty-six different ways without altering the sense. Here are a few of the samples: "The weary plowman plods his homeward way." "His way the weary plowman homeward plods." "Weary the plowman plods his homeward way." "The plowman plods his homeward weary way." "The plowman homeward weary plods his way." Our readers may work out the others.

Washington Letter.

I. Learned.

Our city of Seattle is passing through the throes of a municipal election. Attempts have been made to secure a strictly partisan ticket on the part of the Republicans, heading it with the name of the man who has sat in and disgraced the Mayor's chair for two years past. He is one who professes only to execute the laws of the city and State so far as the people, the business men, want them executed. The so-called business men to whom he thus looks seem to be entirely of those who are a part of or what cater to the saloon interest and the gamblers, who have largely accumulated here within the two years of his rule.

Over and against and in opposition to such a leader and such a ticket there has been a ticket agreed upon by most of the other parties, which is lead by a clean, pure, straightforward, businesslike man, bearing the name of Geo. F. Cotterill, a self-made man, whose parents are living in the interior of our country, on a neat little farm. He has, by diligence and aptitude, raised himself to the position of Assistant City Engineer and is said to know more about the streets, sewers, water mains, wharves and docks than any other person in the city. He is a man of the highest moral character, a regular attendant upon Taylor Congregational church, where his wife is a member. He holds the second office in the gift of the National I. O. G. T., and has once or twice been their delegate to the International gatherings of the order. The first mentioned stands in this contest as the representative of a "wide open" town, which must in that way cater to all that is rough, disturbing and indecent. The other stands for good citizenship, the enforcement of law and the giving of a wise business administration to the city government, which give us some moral character and respectability before the world into which the city has recently taken such a prominent place.

Before this reaches the eyes of your readers the decision will have been made. With this presentation of the situation, so briefly made, your readers will see what the real choice of our population is and note, after reading the telegrams, which will be first before them. We can make no prediction now, except that it will be a very close vote between good and evil.

Plymouth church of this city has put its new directory of its congregation into circulation. It is first a general directory, followed by a special directory of each of the twenty-four districts into which its parish is divided. Each of these are presided over by a lady Secretary, who keeps a record of newcomers and removals. This Directory includes every member of every family attendant upon the public services of Plymouth church. It is a very valuable reference for a portion of Seattle's Congregationalism.

Greenlake church of this city has its new building nearly completed, and hopes to occupy it within the next two or three weeks.

Taylor church is making gains in its congregation and Sunday-school; as also in its income offerings.

Edgewater's Sunday-school has reached the two hundred mark in average attendance during the entire month of February.

Sylvan church, Fox Island, has received the longed-for pledge of aid from the C. C. B. S., and is proceeding with the erection of its new edifice. It has applied for the bell which, years ago, was given by Father Cushing Eells to the former Atkinson church of Tacoma. The latter church has been closed and will probably never be used as a house of public worship further, and so Mr. Edwin Eells will probably heed the call of the Sylvan church, unless another church can lay a stronger claim.

The independent Congregational church of Newport, Stevens county, Washington, has a partially finished structure in which it has been worshipping ever since the beginning of the year. Revs. T. W. Walters and Wm. Davies are to assist Pastor Johnson in a series of special meetings beginning on the 4th.

Seattle, March 3d.

Busy World Notes and Gleanings.

Spokane's population is estimated now at 47,000.

Philadelphia has daily medical inspection of school rooms.

Early in December wood was $65 a cord at Nome and coal $140 a ton.

A bill providing for the compulsory education of all Indian children will be introduced in Congress.

Ten thousand dollars have been raised for the proposed McClellan monument in Washington.

Professor Sumner of Yale explains the meaning of his statement, that ninety per cent of the marriages of to-day are unhappy, to be that there is that proportion where the reality does not come up to the ideal and disappointment follows.

The population of the world is about 1,575,000,000. It is distributed as follows: North America, 93,000,000; South America, 38,000,000; Europe, 370,000,000; Asia, 893,000,000; Africa, 175,000,000; the islands, 6,000,000. The population of most islands is estimated with the continents.

The total increase in the value of the farm animals of the United States during the last

three years exceeds $570,000,000. The farm horses have increased in value $151,000,000; mules, $19,000,000; milch cows, $146,000,000; other cattle, $181,000,000; sheep, $56,000,000, and swine about $20,000,000.

January 1st there were on the farms of the United States 13,573,524 horses, 2,086,027 mules, 16,292,360 milch cows, 27,610,054 other cattle and 41,883,065 sheep. This is a decrease of 127,723 in the number of horses, of 48,186 in that of mules, and of 384,151 in that of cattle other than milch cows. On the other hand, it is an increase of 302,245 in the number of milch cows, and of 2,768,612 in that of sheep.

The following figures show how women have entered into the work of this country during the last thirty years: Female architects have grown from 1 to 50; painters and sculptors from 512 to 16,000; literary and scientific writers from 109 to 3,161; pastors from 67 to 1,522; dentists from 34 to 417; engineers from 67 to 201; journalists from 35 to 472; legal profession from 5 to 471; musicians from 5,763 to 47,309; officers from 414 to 6,712; doctors and surgeons from 527 to 6,882; directors of theaters from 100 to 943; accountants from nothing to 43,071; copyists and secretaries from 8,016 to 96,824, and stenographers and typewriters from 7 to 50,633. Actresses have increased from 692 to 3,833.

A resident of Cincinnati, Mr. Peter Gibson, has purchased the masterpiece of J. L. Gerome, the famous French sculptor, an equestrian statue of Frederick the Great of Prussia. The statue will be exhibited at the Paris Exposition, and will then be brought to this country and presented to the city of Cincinnati. It is acknowledged by art critics to be Mr. Gerome's masterpiece. The horse represents a proud animal. Frederick is shown in his usual attitude, a trifle stooped of shoulder, with his cane in his hand, the iron cross on his breast. His features are from the most celebrated paintings, and are really a portrait likeness. The friendship of Frederick the Great for the American colonies in their struggle for independence is given as the reason for the presentation of this statue to an American city.

Some one asks the Pacific Health Journal why it is harmful to drink at meals, and the answer is: "It is usually harmful to drink at meals, because there is enough liquid furnished by the stomach to do the work of gastric digestion. When we drink a quantity of water with a meal, we simply dilute that fluid which has been secreted, and which is of just the right consistency. When the digestvie fluid is diluted to a certain degree, the strength is to that same degree lessened, and it acts upon the food just so much less. Experiments have proved that the digestive secretions are also lessened by frequent drinking at the table. A great many people have slow absorption, and the liquid remains in the stomach for a long time. We meet people not very infrequently where there is more or less paralysis of the gastric muscles, and the fluid remains in the stomach for hours. In such cases where they drink large quantities of water at meal time, it simply paralyzes digestion. If the natural forces of the stomach are not working, the germs; and they cause fermentation and decomposition of the food, which sometimes gets so bad that the stomach actually revolts and vomiting occurs."

TAXED TO DEATH.

The fear is sometimes expressed that our congregations will be taxed to death by the demands which are made upon them for carrying on the various enterprises of the church. But we are not in the least afraid that any such catastrophe will take place. Churches do not die that way; or at least if they do, the fact is well concealed from the public eye. They are much more likely to perish from stinginess and niggardliness. After an experience of thirty years in the ministry we can truly say that we have never known any single Christian man who gave more money to religion than he ought to have given, and we have known very few who gave up to the point of actual self-denial. The contributions made by even our most liberal churches are simply the crumbs which fall from their tables. The gospel of liberality is not half understood, and will not be till men are made to realize that all they have belongs to God, and is held by them in trust, and as his stewards.—[Christian Advocate (Nashville).

"HID IN CHRIST."

One day a friend of mine, in passing down a Glasgow street, saw a crowd at a shop door, and had the curosity to look in. There he saw an auctioneer holding up a grand picture so that all could see it. When he got it in position, he remained behind it and said to the crowd, "Now look at this part of the picture, * and now at this part," and so on, describing each detail of it. "Now," said my friend, "the whole time I was there I never saw the speaker, but only the picture he was showing." That is the way to work for Christ. He must increase, but we must be out of sight.—[Andrew A. Bonar.

A large proportion of the Chinese are born, live and die on boats. Strangely enough, none, or nearly none, of them can swim. But almost every Chinese child is an expert fisher, and is exceedingly fond of the sport. Fish and rice form very largely the diet of every Chinese child.—[Pall Mall Budget.

CARE OF TEETH.

All persons, old and young, should have their teeth examined once every six months by a competent dentist. Decay will be present, and tartar forming, which nothing but a thorough examination will reveal. Professional service rendered in time means high-class work, less pain and great economy. A tooth filled when decay is slight will not be sensitive, the operation not long, and the filling lasting, because the operator has more and better structure to work on. He is enabled to make the walls of the cavity thicker and stronger, and with slight danger of exposing the nerve, the dread and fear of all when having teeth filled. Have your teeth attended to in time. Do not procrastinate. Give the dentist good tooth-structure to work upon, and he will render you excellent service. Many persons put off their visits to the dentist when sensitive teeth have given frequent warning. At last, driven by unbearable pain, they approach with fear and trembling that dreadful man. With mind excited, body in high nervous tension, and with excruciating pain and suffering plainly written on every feature, they come for relief. How can the dentist be expected to perform the best operation when the patient is in the worst possible condition to receive it? If your friend is sick, do not wait until he is almost dead before you do something for him or send for the doctor. The doctor may save him by coming at the last moment, and should the patient recover he is liable to have bad health the remainder of his life on account of not having received proper attention at the right time. Likewise, a tooth that is neglected may be filled and saved at the last moment, but will probably have bad health the rest of its life. One person in a hundred has good teeth; ninety-nine persons in a hundred could have good teeth with the proper attention.—[Woman's Home Companion.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm

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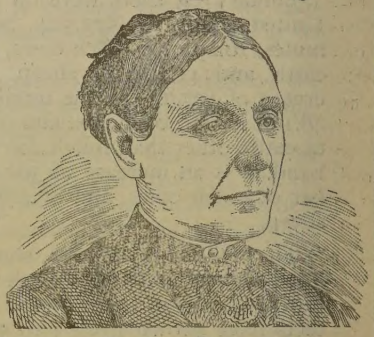
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Healthy at Eighty.

Mrs. Edmands was Cured of a Severe Case of Rheumatism at that advanced age.



Mrs. Susan H. Edmands.

Mrs. Susan H. Edmands, of 37 Broad St., Newburyport, Mass, when recently interviewed, said:

"A year ago last February I was taken with rheumatism. My hands swelled, and I suffered from soreness in the joints of my arms and limbs. At my age this was quite a serious matter, and I employed two doctors, but they did not cure me. One day my son found a little book at the door which contained a statement by a minister who formerly preached here, and was known to be a man of great truth and honesty. Over his signature he stated that he had been cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I told my doctor if he was willing I would try the pills myself. The minister whose statement I had read was known to the doctor, and the latter did not object, so I tried the pills. I soon began to see an improvement. The swelling went down and there was less soreness. I continued the use of the pills, in all seven boxes, and was entirely cured. If I am ever troubled with the rheumatism again I shall surely take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and advise others to do so who are afflicted with this disease." Signed SUSAN H. EDMANDS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People expel impurities from the blood, and supply the material for rapidly rebuilding wasted nerve tissues. It has performed hundreds of almost miraculous cures in severe cases of Rheumatism, many times after doctors had given up hope.

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It is a great help to a mother to know of safe, simple remedies in case a child awakens in the night with a croupy cough or a painful sore throat. She is not always convenient to a doctor, and, besides, when one is suffering, immediate relief is necessary. One of the best gargles for tonsilitis and bronchial sore throats, and also for coughs, is equal quantities of salt and pulverized borax. Just make a strong solution of it and gargle very often—say every half-hour—until relief comes. If there is an ulcer in the throat, touch it with dry borax. A canker or sore mouth can be healed speedily by putting dry borax upon it. A physician recommended the use of the gargle, and said it would be well for every mother of a little family (particularly if the children went to school to use this gargle night and morning, if they had the leas

nptoms of sore throat, as it pur-
d, and killed disease germs (that
the borax); hence, it fortified
children against contagion. No
e will know the real value of
iat seems to be such a simple
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ey once adopt the use of it. My
her was an excellent physician
d was very successful with chil-
en, and in his own family he used
is gargle freely. Whenever I
e children with such delicate
roats, and have to remain away
om school nearly all winter on ac-
unt of it, I feel like putting this
nple remedy in their hands; it

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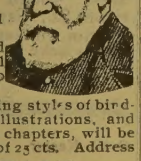

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will save drug bills, besides much suffering.—[S. H., in Herald and Presbyter.

THE BEST BREEDS.

For high production, weight of eggs produced, as well as for economy in production, pullets far outstrip hens. Young, vigorous stock is best stock to keep.

The greatest production of eggs from pullets have been made in this order—Light Brahma, Silver Laced Wyandotte, Black Langshan, Barred Plymouth Rock, and Single-comb Brown Leghorn. White Wyandotte, White Plymouth Rock, Black Minorca and Buff Cochin are at the foot of the list.

Among the hens, late hatched Barred Plymouth Rock lead, with Black Langshan and Brown Leghorn, followed by Barred Plymouth Rock and Buff Cochin, in this order. White Wyandotte and Light Brahma foot the list.

The greatest production of weight of eggs brings the birds in a little different order.

Among the pullets this order is: Light Brahma, Silver Laced Wyandotte, Black Langshan, Barred Plymouth Rock, White Wyandotte, and White Plymouth Rock, with Black Minorca, Leghorns and Buff Cochins last.

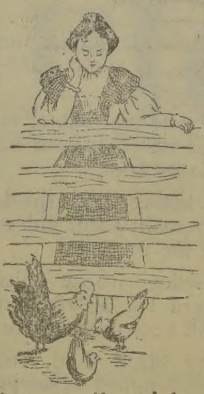
In production of weight of eggs no hens were equal to the pullets of the same breed, except Brown Leghorn and Buff Cochin, and these were the poorest producers of weight of eggs.

Now to change from numbers and weight of eggs produced to economy of production, a marked difference will be noted.

The leading breeds in this comparison are Brown Leghorn, Barred Plymouth Rock (counting the late hatch hens only), Black Langshan and White Wyandotte. If Silver Laced Wyandottes were represented by mature fowls as good in proportion as the pullets, they would stand second best in rank in economy of production.—[North Carolina Experiment Station Bulletin.

The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—[Dr. John Hall.

The farmer's wife who raises chickens, knows that they must have food enough first to satisfy bare hunger, then enough more than that to make flesh and fat before they will begin to lay. In plain words you've got to put into the hen in the form of food what you get out of it in the shape of eggs. An ill nourished hen lays no eggs. The difference between the farmer's wife and her chickens is that she fancies she can take out of herself in daily cares and toils what she does not put back in the form of nourishment for nerve and body. But she can't. Sooner or later the woman who tries it breaks down.



The warning signs of physical breakdown are, among others, headache, weak stomach, flatulence, pain in side or back, difficult breathing, palpitation of the heart. These are only some of the indications of a derangement of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. The one sure remedy for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood and nourishes and invigorates the nerves.

Mrs. Martha E. Barham, of Newville, Prince George Co., Va., writes: "I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in June, 1897, also his 'Favorite Prescription,' and I cannot express the benefit I have received from these medicines. I was suffering with what the doctors called chronic indigestion, torpid liver and vertigo. The doctor did not do me any good. My symptoms were giddiness in head, pains in chest and an uneasy feeling all over. I also suffered with female weakness. I was all run-down and could not do any work at all without suffering from nervous attacks, so I wrote to you for advice. You advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription.' When I commenced to use the medicines I weighed only 112 pounds, now I weigh 140 pounds. I thank God and Dr. R. V. Pierce for my recovery."

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GLEANINGS.

The only safeguard against the habit of drinking is total abstinence.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.

Think twice before you speak once, and then remain silent unless you are sure of the thought.

The young fellow whose chief anxiety centers in his collars and cuffs does not fill very much space.

Ink is a very black fluid, but when judiciously applied it helps to express the noblest sentiment of the heart.

It is not so important that man should be pleased with us as that God should; but man's favor is more likely to be won in seeking God's favor than in any other way.—[Trumbull.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of Blake, Moffit & Towne will be held at the Company's office, No. 55 to 61 First street, San Francisco, on Monday, March 19, 1900, at 11 a. m., for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.

A. G. Towne, Secretary.

San Francisco, March 3, 1900.

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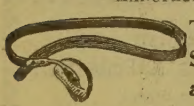

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